

The Academy and Literature

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Literary Notes

THE Spring publishing season is upon us, as is amply proved by the publishers' lists of announcements printed in this week's issue of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*. I deal elsewhere with some of the most interesting of the works promised, but here I may note that publishers are not looking to the future with altogether hopeful views. It is usually held that such events as a big war or a general election interfere seriously with the general sale of books. A great public crisis is believed to drive the reading public to the daily and weekly papers and away from any books save those which directly deal with the crisis in question. Personally I venture to think that this view is not quite sound. Doubtless during a crisis the newspapers are more carefully and fully read than at other times, but unless the pockets of the book-buying public are hard hit, I fancy that good books are as eagerly bought as at other times.

It is the second, third rate books that fail to find a market when the minds of the public are intent on national events; a fine novel, a striking biography, or a sound history appeals to a public which asks for books, possibly all the more eagerly, when the papers are full of sensation—of battles, murders and sudden deaths. The plucky publisher, who does not fear to put his fate to the test in such times, will probably startle himself and others by his success. It is much the same with providers of dramatic and musical entertainments, who follow old-established customs and rules, without really considering the matter for themselves.

In fact, publishers, as other business men, in this country are apt to be somewhat conservative. Matters are changing considerably, as, for example, the summer months are not invariably, as they used to be, considered a dead time for book publishing. Another point is that the book-buying public is rapidly increasing, though I fear the new public is somewhat uncritical. But take it for all in all, though there be many bad symptoms, the book market is healthy, and an enterprising publisher may keep a good heart—but he must be enterprising.

It is a pity that it is not more generally recognised that publishers, booksellers and bookbuyers are after all working for one common object, the distribution of good literature, and that this object can best be attained by all three parties working in harmony. As for the publishers, it is difficult to see how they can further assist the booksellers, unless possibly by an ex-

tension of the net price system. As for bookbuyers, it may fairly be asked of them that they should support only those booksellers—i.e. the large majority—who maintain the dignity of their business, selling books,



MRS. MARGARET DELAND.

The writer of "John Ward, Preacher," "Dr. Lavendar's People," &c.
[Photo. by Harper & Brothers, New York.]

not as grocers sell tea and cheese, but as intelligent men who are themselves bookmen.

As for the booksellers, it really seems that their weakness lies chiefly in a lack of uniform action. Would it not be possible and profitable to found a Central Booksellers' Association in London, with a club and meeting rooms, &c., which should become a working centre for all legitimate first and second hand booksellers? A sort of booksellers' Lloyd's? Perhaps some of the many interested in the matter will let us have the benefit of their views, not only on this suggestion, but on the whole question.

MESSRS. NISBET & Co. will publish immediately a new volume by Sir Robert Anderson, "Pseudo-Criticism; or The Higher Criticism and Its Counterfeit."

The "argument" is that criticism is no preserve of the philological expert, but essentially a question of *evidence*; and that those who are practically versed in the science of evidence are better fitted than the book scholars to deal with it. The proper place for the expert is the witness table, not the Bench. The work shows the evil effects of pseudo-criticism in the case of three representative men: Professor Harnack, Professor F. Delitzsch, and Professor G. A. Smith. The Harnack chapter is mainly an extract from the same author's "Christianised Rationalism," a reply to Dr. Harnack's "What is Christianity?"

THE New York "Critic" recently presented its readers with an examination paper upon Browning for household use, and now gives us the answers. I do not wish to spoil sport, so reprint a few of the questions only:

"Quote the poet on the effect of over-eating."

"What are the ingredients of savoury soup?"

"Quote the poet on the best method of cleansing woollens."

"What precautions does the poet advise in the matter of corset lacing?"

A COUNCIL meeting of the London Shakespeare League was held on March 9, at Bedford College, at which it was announced that Dr. Furnivall had accepted the Presidency of the League. The programme for the birthday celebrations this year was discussed; among the various items of interest included in this may be mentioned the annual dinner on April 23, the performance of one of Shakespeare's plays upon April 22 under the superintendence of Mr. William Poel, various lectures and a "Shakespeare Ramble" round London.

THE chief aim of the League is to strengthen the interest taken by Londoners in the life and work of Shakespeare in the Metropolis and in the many relics that remain to us of his day. Another of its purposes is to focus the various suggestions that have been made for a London Shakespeare Memorial; at present the danger is that for want of organisation energy will be wasted in vague discussions and suggestions. There must not be more than one Richmond in the field. The first thing to do is for those whose hearts are in the matter to meet together and to decide upon the form which the memorial is to take; the second is for all then to support the decision arrived at and to work heartily and in accord to make the memorial a certainty and a success.

IN connection with the commemoration of Shakespeare in London next month, Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. intend to make an appropriate contribution. They will issue a new and cheaper edition of "Shakespeare's London" by Mr. T. Fairman Ordish, published in 1897, and now out of print. Besides some revision of the text and several additional illustrations, the book will contain two new chapters, one of these being an itinerary of buildings and sites of Shakespearean interest in London, with accompanying guide-plans. The volume will be issued in good time for the Shakespeare celebration.

THE whole of the stock of bindings produced by "The Guild of Women Binders," and "The Hampstead Bindery," comprising unique, artistic and valuable specimens of the book-binder's art, is to be sold at greatly reduced prices, in many instances at half the original cost. A number of valuable prints and engravings, and rare and scarce books, including numerous first

editions, will also be offered for sale. Such stock will be on view at 61 Charing Cross Road, London, W., from March 12, 1904, and daily thereafter (except Sundays) from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m. All communications respecting the businesses of "The Guild of Women Binders," "The Hampstead Bindery," Karslake & Co., and Frank Karslake, should be addressed to Oscar Berry, Monument House, Monument Square, London, E.C.

A TRANSLATION of a Japanese novel by a Japanese writer will shortly be issued by Messrs. Turner of Boston (U.S.A.) under the title "Nami-Ko-San." The story has already attained a circulation of over 80,000 copies in Japan. The tale is written by Kenjiro Tokutomi, and deals with the "mother-in-law" question from the Japanese point of view.

MRS. GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN, author of that delightful book "Emmy Lou," has completed a novel, "The House of Fulfilment," which will appear serially in McClure's Magazine.

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & Co. are issuing a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, limited to one thousand copies. The original edition, dated July 5, 1776, was printed at Philadelphia by John Dunlap.

THE Jubilee dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press promises to be an interesting function: Lord Goschen will be in the chair, and among the guests will be Sir John Colomb, Major Martin Hume, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Sidney Lee, and Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P. Every author and every editor owes a deep debt of gratitude to correctors of the Press, as deep a debt as is owed by public speakers to Press reporters. We hear, now and again, of the blunders of authors; we should hear frequently of such if it were not for the keen, clever work of Press correctors, who stand between writers and their public, saving both from many an unhappy "slip of the pen."

Bibliographical

STUDENTS and lovers of Matthew Arnold should not fail to read Mr. G. W. E. Russell's preface to his new study of that writer. They will remember how disappointed they were with the two volumes of Arnold's Letters which Mr. Russell edited—letters which represented him on almost every side except the literary, and proved, moreover, to be singularly deficient in liveliness and sparkle. Mr. Russell is now in a position to be frank about this matter. "In reality," he says in this preface, "my functions were little more than those of the collector and the annotator. Most of the Letters had been severely edited before they came into my hands, and the process was repeated when they were in proof. . . . The result was a curious obscuration of some of Arnold's most characteristic traits—such, for example, as his overflowing gaiety, and his love of what our fathers called Raillery. And in even more important respects than these, an erroneous impression was created by the suppression of what was thought too personal for publication." This, of course, explains everything. And it shows how much damage may unwittingly be

done to a man by those who are most keenly sensitive about his reputation.

In the list of "Half-Forgotten Books" which Messrs. Routledge are said to contemplate re-issuing, I am surprised to find Charles Macfarlane's "Camp of Refuge" and "Reading Abbey," Captain Chamier's "Ben Brace" and "Tom Bowling," Mrs. Opie's "Adeline Mowbray," R. M. Bird's "Nick of the Woods," and Albert Smith's "Pottleton Legacy." Is it possible that there is any demand for these on the part of the present-day reader? And why G. A. Lawrence's "Brakespeare," which was one of his least successful stories? (His "Guy Livingstone" and "Barren Honour" are, I presume, still on Messrs. Routledge's list.) Amory's "John Bunce," Mrs. Radcliffe's "Romance of the Forest," Harriet Martineau's "The Hour and the Man," Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," Maxwell's "Stories of Waterloo"—that is a



GORDON'S BIBLE.

[*"The Story of the Bible Society"* (Murray).]

different matter: these are all classics in their way, and always worth adding to a library, if set forth in a suitable get-up. Not even a classic has any chance nowadays unless the format be at once new and neat.

Very welcome is the new (it is the third) edition of Mr. Jonathan Nield's "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales." It is especially acceptable to the bibliographer, who notes with satisfaction that Mr. Nield now gives the date of the original publication of the books described, and that he records, where necessary, the names of the American as well as of the English publishers thereof. In addition to increasing the number of his entries, he has been more particular in his descriptions of the historical period with which each volume deals. Altogether, this edition practically supersedes its predecessors. It will, no doubt, be superseded in its turn, for to the making of the historical novel there is no end. Another by Miss Sarah Tytler is threatened at this very moment, the central figure this time being poor old Cowper.

In reply to my correspondent "P. A.," I may say that the most accurate account of the late Mrs. Fanny Stirling (Lady Gregory) with which I am acquainted is that which appears in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Reference should, however, be made to the memoir which is contained in Mr. C. E. Pascoe's "Dramatic List" (1880). A few later details will be found in the number of the "Theatre" Magazine for June 1883. Frequent references to Mrs. Stirling occur in the "Diary" of E. L. Blanchard (1881), and others will be found in her husband's volumes on "Old Drury Lane" (also published in 1881). Born (according to one authority), in 1812, she died in December 1895, and a memoir of her appeared in the "Era" newspaper for January 4, 1896.

Another correspondent, writing from the Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, suggests that I should urge Mr. Heinemann to publish "the remaining Notes to the late Mr. Henley's projected and abandoned edition of Byron's Works." "The Notes to the first and only volume published are so racy and interesting that I am sure the publication of the remainder would be greatly appreciated." The first question is, *are* there any "remaining Notes"? Perhaps Mr. Henley did not pen more than were printed. On this point Mr. Heinemann could enlighten us.

THE BOOKWORM.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," edited with introduction and notes by Mr. J. Churton Collins, is about to be issued from the Oxford University Press. The editor's object has been to encourage and assist the study of a work which, it is suggested, deserves to take a far more prominent place than it has hitherto held in our curricula of advanced education, and to supply a want which no preceding edition has aimed at supplying. The new edition is intended both for junior students who require elementary philological instruction and for those more advanced students who will be concerned chiefly with the relation of the "Utopia" to philosophy and history.—Messrs. Anthony Treherne & Co., Ltd., are adding Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and Keats' "The Eve of St. Agnes" to their Waistcoat Pocket Classics. The same publishing house is also issuing before Easter three new volumes in their Waistcoat Pocket Shakespeare, "As You Like It," "Othello," and "The Merchant of Venice."—Mr. Edward Stanford will publish next week a new edition (the third) of his "London Atlas of Universal Geography," in imperial folio. Numerous changes and improvements have been effected in the contents in order to keep pace with recent political developments and geographical exploration in various parts of the world. The number of maps has been increased to 110, several having been specially drawn and engraved for the edition. Twenty of the maps appear in the Atlas for the first time, and all those retained from the previous edition have been carefully revised.—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish on March 21 a volume by Mr. Arthur Hayden entitled "Chats on English China," which from its completeness and the excellence of its arrangement should prove a great boon to collectors.—Mrs. Craigie's new novel, "The Vineyard," is to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on March 21. A special feature of the volume will be its six illustrations, after drawings by Mr. Claude Shepperson.

A Chess Column and Competition

is instituted on

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Reviews

A Great Possession

THE DIARY OF SIR JOHN MOORE. Edited by Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice, K.C.B. In two volumes. (Edward Arnold. 30s. net.)

THE record of a great soldier's career, made by himself for himself, with no thought of the public, is a precious possession, to be reverently preserved and expounded by a biographer. Sir J. F. Maurice has every quality necessary for doing justice to Moore—friendship with the relations of the General, historical and professional knowledge. Unfortunately, he has rather too much of the devotee in him; he does not altogether recognise that other persons, not ignorant of the period of Moore's career, may take views somewhat different from those of the editor of Moore's Diary, without thereby necessarily convicting themselves of grave defects of mind or morals. He is, like most enthusiastic biographers, far too ready to import passion into matters of history. Members of the military profession are too apt to consider criticism as a personal matter, not only with regard to the present but to the past; and Sir J. F. Maurice has a certain air of wishing to court-martial Mr. Oman, the mere civilian who has dared to pronounce opinions on Sir John Moore which are not those of the editor of Moore's Diary.

There was no need for this passion. Sir John Moore's reputation has survived the assaults of keen enemies and the defence of injudicious friends. Undoubtedly Napier's mingling of Whig party acrimony with his chivalrous and loyal eulogy of his commander and friend did Moore's memory much harm, by tempting partisans of the Tory Government that (as a matter of fact) approved of and supported Moore's plans to throw the blame for all untoward events on the dead hero. And though Sir J. F. Maurice praises Napier's accuracy in regard to Moore's campaign, it is hardly strange if historians like Mr. Oman, who have studied the authorities for other parts of the war, and appreciated Napier's habitual unfairness to the Spaniards, are led to distrust Napier most when he is most enthusiastic.

Moore's career is really a history of the British Army in its worst and the beginning of its best days. His first engagements were in the American War of Independence. Then followed the Netherlands campaigns under the "gallant Duke of York," and the brief British occupation of Corsica—one of our "lost possessions" which most of us have never heard of as British. The various abortive expeditions, especially that of the Helder, and the victorious Egyptian expedition, found Moore in even higher command. Finally came the climax of his career, the appointment to command the British Army, the one precious Army Corps—for it was no more than one of Napoleon's larger corps—that his country had to spare. It is on his difficult march to Salamanca, his daring advance to Sahagun, his retreat to Corunna, and his death in the moment of victory, that the attention of Moore's adverse critics and his defenders has been concentrated.

Sir J. F. Maurice will not allow Moore a fault. "What I intend to do," he says, "is to claim for Britain, and to sustain and make good my claim, that the boldest, the most successful, the most brilliant stroke of war of all time was delivered by the Captain to whom

she, on the 7th October 1808, entrusted the command of her armies in Portugal for action in Spain." It is a magnificent claim, though the sentence might be improved.

Mr. Oman condemns Moore on two points: the first that Sir John separated his artillery and cavalry from his infantry unnecessarily, being deceived by reports that the shorter road was impracticable for guns; the second, that he unduly hurried his men in the retreat to Corunna, and thus contributed to the considerable disorder and loss of the march. On the first point Sir J. F. Maurice seems to have the advantage. The sentence in one of Moore's despatches that Mr. Oman quotes as a confession of a mistake—that the General "would not have necessity to plead" for not taking his guns with him—is contradicted by Moore's later experience of the worse part of the road his main force took. The authorities on which Mr. Oman thinks Moore might have relied as to the state of the Portuguese roads were all too old except Dumouriez's book; and Dumouriez, as Wellington afterwards pointed out, was completely wrong about the fords of the Tagus, and might have been just as wrong as to the road to Almeida. Moore went by the best information he could get from the Portuguese authorities, and with his brief experience of their incompetence he could hardly be expected to credit them with ignorance of their own roads.

On the other hand, as to the question of the forced marches on the retreat to Corunna, Sir J. F. Maurice fails to convince. He says that they were necessary, "since the stores that had been accumulated lacked the one essential element of food. That detail is one which is comically unconsidered either by Southey or Mr. Oman." This is true of the stores at Astorga, but Mr. Oman ("Peninsular War," vol. i. p. 555) points out that at Villafranca and Lugo there were provisions. At Villafranca, in particular, great quantities of biscuit, salt meat, and rum were destroyed, and some left for the French, during Moore's retreat. These statements by the author Sir J. F. Maurice attacks may be contradicted, but should not be left unnoticed, as they are, whether "comically" or otherwise. It is possible that Mr. Oman has taken too harsh a view of Moore's judgment in very difficult positions; but his summing up of Moore's character and achievements in the last few pages of his first volume is one of which no judicious admirer of Moore need complain. The statement that Moore's march to Sahagun was the greatest stroke of war in all military history is hardly a dictum that any historian would venture on, though it is permissible to the sympathy of the editor of one of the most interesting military documents of modern times.

A. R. ROPES.

His Story

THE HISTORY OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. By Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B. 2 Vols. (Longmans. 44s. net.)

THE twenty-five years chosen by Sir Spencer Walpole range between 1855 and 1880; and it is the political history of them that occupies him almost exclusively. You scan the index in vain for entries of Mrs. Browning or Patmore; of Rossetti or Millais; and if Sir Henry Taylor is quoted it is about British Colonies, not about Philip van Artevelde. Not precisely a continuation of

Sir Spencer's former history of England from the war of 1815, these new and welcome volumes deal more with foreign affairs, and less with home topics, than did the earlier work. Sir Spencer has many merits: an easy style; an abundance of accessible references; common sense (rather than a philosophic outlook); and, where his preferences are not involved, and he has given us history rather than his story, a very sane and just view of things from a strictly British point of view.

The reader has, however, his surprises. The estimate given of the respective characters of Gladstone and Disraeli is one that constantly appears and reappears; Sir Spencer seems to stake his historical reputation upon it; and yet the modern reader may well remark that the judgments here passed on Disraeli are informed by the spirit dominant in the days of which Sir Spencer is writing. Gladstone's changes of opinion are treated as in some way subject to a law of natural evolution, but Disraeli "had wandered from point to point, criticising every policy in turn, and adopting or rejecting it, as occasion or opportunity suggested." That reading of Disraeli passed muster in the 'sixties; now it passes for nothing but the burlesque of history. His career, studied from first to last, affords the student perhaps the closest reconciliation he can anywhere find between the thing dreamt at the beginning of life and the thing accomplished before its close. True, he advocated the Ballot and Triennial Parliaments; but he did so as a youth with no connections, keen to quicken his opportunities to enter Parliament, the real arena in which he was to fight for those principles the novels of almost his infancy had avowed. His place on no benches but the Tory from first to last in his long Parliamentary career symbolised truly enough the inner continuity of his thoughts and aims.

Sir Spencer alludes, but without a word of moralising, to the fact that when Gladstone passionately opposed the Divorce Bill he had to forget he had sat in a Cabinet pledged to just such a measure. That was only one of the long series of oblivions in which he had to let the dead past bury its dead. His mutations bred his ambiguities. Even in early days, Peel, we know, had to inquire from a colleague, after reading a letter from Gladstone, whether Gladstone had, or had not, resigned; and Queen Victoria, whom nobody has accused of a want of shrewd appreciation in current affairs, commanded from a Lord-in-Waiting a brief elucidation of the Minister's manuscripts. These things come to mind when we have Sir Spencer saying that Disraeli "liked to choose words calculated to conceal rather than express his thoughts"; and that Disraeli "by his mysterious inaccuracies lowered the standard of public life, while Mr. Gladstone never mingled in debate without raising its tone." Some people have a preference for an *ex-parte* statement; and Sir Spencer in such passages as these is surely their man.

Disraeli loved Horace Walpole's letters; and his style owns their influence. But not all Walpoles have loved Disraeli. Sir Spencer is himself, one remembers, the distinguished son of an old colleague of the Tory Minister. One remembers, too, that when, in 1868, Disraeli became Prime Minister for the first time, Mr. Spencer Horatio Walpole ceased to be a member of the Cabinet in which he had sat till then, at Lord Derby's request, even after he had left the Home Office. The fact of this rustication has its specific record on p. 289 of Sir Spencer's second volume; and it is perhaps elsewhere unconsciously written by Sir Spencer between the lines.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

The Psalms

THE TITLES OF THE PSALMS. THEIR NATURE AND MEANING EXPLAINED. By James William Thirtle. (Henry Frowde. 6s. net.)

THE titles of the Psalms have long been a puzzle to commentators, even the most ancient. Even before the Received Hebrew Text had been formed the key had been lost; so that the Massoretic editors, in supplying the vowel points to the skeleton words of the old Hebrew script, to such an extent misread them as to supply—as our author shows good reason for suspecting—such as wholly perverted the sense of the original compilers.

This key Mr. Thirtle claims to have found in the psalm embodied in Habakkuk iii., at the head of which appears a statement of its class, its author, and its special character—i.e., its literary data—while beneath is written a purely musical statement "To the Chief Musician on my Stringed Instruments." This suggests that in the catena of psalms there has been in numerous instances a misplacement of the musical description by its attribution to the psalm following instead of to that which precedes it. And that such a mistake might easily arise in reading MSS. with no punctuation and hardly so much as a gap between chapter and chapter is evident. He adds that the various words which have accompanied it in its wandering "have added to the confusion which has baffled explanation for the past two thousand years." The Revisers of 1885 have inclined generally to the view that the unintelligible words refer to a tune originally belonging to a song of which they are the burden or the opening phrase, and accordingly render by "set to" the Hebrew preposition by which the mysterious terms are introduced. But a reference to the preceding instead of to the following psalm, in accordance with the hint from Habakkuk, gives a topical appropriateness which has all the charm of a surprise. Take the words *Jonath elen Rehokim*, which in the Received Version are placed at the head of Psalm lvi. They mean: "The Dove of the Distant Terebinths." According to Mr. Thirtle's system they belong to Psalm lv.; and that is a composition commemorating the rebellion of Absalom, to which it is in every verse beautifully appropriate. The verses that ring of Mendelssohn—"Oh that I had wings like a dove; then would I fly away and be at rest. So, then would I wander far off; I would lodge in the wilderness" (R.V.)—seem in themselves conclusive as to the propriety of its application.

This is an example taken almost at hazard. In many instances the readjustment throws light on the festival services of the Jews. For instance, by the enigmatic heading (which should be a subscription) *Shushan Eduth*, "Lily: Testimonies," is shown that the composition to which it rightly refers was one of those chosen for use at the Second Passover—a Passover (which it has previously been shown that the lily typifies) qualified by the word "Testimonies" to show that it was one contemplated by the special command of the Lord given through Moses for those who were unable to assist at that which, in accordance with the ancient tradition, was celebrated in the first month. In like manner are classified the psalms for the Feast of Tabernacles, those appropriate to a season of humiliation, groups commemorative of the sorrows and joys and triumphs of David, whose personality was cherished deep in the heart of every Israelite.

The mysterious *Selah*, interpreted by tradition "for ever," and by a more modern guess as a direction for an instrumental interlude, Mr. Thirtle regards merely

as a section mark. He accordingly supposes it to refer not to what precedes but to what follows it. It is a rather dull interpretation of our old friend, but for those to whom the psalter is a subject of interest there is nothing else dull in this book.

The Arnoldian's Arnold

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By G. W. E. Russell. Literary Lives Series. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

THIS volume is somewhat of a disappointment. Mr. Russell appears to think that Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Paul have done all that is necessary in the way of biography and criticism of Matthew Arnold, and offers us here little more than an estimate of Arnold's "method" and of his practical effect upon his contemporaries in the fields of Education, Society, Conduct, and Theology. Our own view is that an adequate biographical and critical monograph on Arnold has yet to be supplied, and we had hoped that Mr. Russell, who knew him personally and edited his letters, would supply it. A slight sketch of Arnold's personality Mr. Russell does indeed give us, and very engaging it is. Now and then, too, he repeats things that he has heard Arnold utter; such as—"People think I can teach them style. What stuff it all is! Have something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style." The "Discourses in America," Arnold told Mr. Russell, was the book by which, of all his prose writings, he most desired to be remembered. Our author also recollects Arnold remarking to him, "with an air of stately admiration," after service on Ascension Day, "I always like to hear the Athanasian Creed sung. 'But One God' sounds so magnificently with that full swell of the organ. It seems to come with the whole authority of the Church." This, in the mouth of the author of "Literature and Dogma," is certainly surprising. We are also told that in Harrow School Chapel Arnold used, "with great solemnity and deliberation," to turn to the east during the recitation of the Creed. "It was the traditional mode of the Church of England, and that was enough for him." Mr. Russell is in a position further to introduce into his present pages a few extracts from letters by Arnold hitherto unpublished—notably one in which he characterises some of the contents of the first Collected Edition of his Poems (1869); another, in which he comments upon Mr. Swinburne's eulogistic criticism of his verse (1867); and so forth.

These fresh and illuminative details, scattered over the surface of Mr. Russell's volume, unquestionably help to give it savour. They, however, rather increase than lessen our regret that the volume contains so little of the biographical element. The chief merit of the work is that, in the main, it is a fair exposition of Arnold's teaching in the social sphere. Those who want to know, with as little trouble to themselves as possible, the Master's views on theology, education, and social conditions generally, will find all they want in these chapters. We agree with Mr. Russell in thinking that all Arnold's social philosophy is embodied in "Culture and Anarchy." Elsewhere he did but apply the principles therein laid down. We also agree that "Friendship's Garland" is one of the wisest, as well as the wittiest, of its writer's books. Unhappily it is precisely in the sphere of social philosophy and theological criticism that Arnold will be least attractive to posterity. We, his contemporaries, rejoiced in the brilliant battles that he fought with the forces of Philistinism. They are, however, things of the past; they belong to history;

and what really is permanently interesting in Arnold is his theory of literary criticism, and his poetry. On these heads Mr. Russell, curiously enough, has least to say, and what he does say is not particularly useful. It will not do to assert of Arnold that "as a critic of books, his taste, his temper, his judgment were pretty nearly infallible," that he was "a calm and impartial judge, never a zealot, never an advocate," and so on. Arnold's judgment was often biased, often eccentric; what is valuable in his "Essays" is the high ideal of judging which they seek to establish—an ideal of which he frequently fell short in actual practice. Arnold's principles are excellent, and have done much to impart to the literary criticism of to-day such disinterestedness and urbanity as it possesses. But it is in his poetry that he will live longest, though only a portion of it may survive. Mr. Russell expends far too much space in proving that Arnold is not "a great poet." Who said he was? It is enough for a poet if he can write exquisite things and give delight. And Arnold certainly did that.

W. D. A.

A Gallant Gordon

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By General John B. Gordon, of the Confederate Army. (Constable. 16s. net.)

THERE are certainly plenty of memoirs and recollections of the American Civil War in existence, but we can do well with another when it comes from one of the most chivalrous fighters of the South, who was in the opening reconnaissance at Bull Run and led the last charge at Appomattox Court House. General Gordon's character, as revealed by himself in his book, is that of the best type of soldier, simple, honest, ardent in his profession, and entirely and instinctively fearless. His generosity to his opponents and to those on his own side from whose views he differed is remarkable. It is the temper, common to the best men on both sides, which enabled the United States to rise to its enormous prosperity and power with hardly a pause after the greatest civil war of history.

The author of these reminiscences is a Southern soldier of the type of Stonewall Jackson, whose enthusiastic admirer he shows himself to be. Swift attack, sudden swoops on an unguarded point, are his tactics, resting, however, as in Jackson's case, on a sound strategical theory. His book may be classed as a blend of three elements, one valuable, consisting of his comments on the history of the war; one amusing, embodying his personal adventures and the anecdotes of the camp; and one pardonable but regrettable, a series of descriptions of great battles in American journalese. I fear that General Gordon must be prouder of these last purple, or rather magenta, patches than of the artless frankness of his personal anecdotes or the insight of his discussions of the operations of war. Otherwise he would hardly have described a cavalry charge as follows:—"The madly flying horses thunder across the trembling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and whizzing pebbles. Their iron-rimmed hoofs in remorseless tread crush the stones to powder and crash through the flesh and bones of hapless riders who chance to fall," &c. Any imaginative schoolboy could write this sort of stuff.

Happily, there is not much "fine writing" in the book; and, after all, it is a relic of the old Southern style "befo' de war." Students of the Civil War will have plenty of scope for discussion in General Gordon's views on questions of strategy. He is, if anything, too tender to the failures of both sides; but a soldier

who knows how small is the margin between success and ruin in the field learns to be lenient in judgment. He excuses General Pemberton for allowing his army to be shut up and captured in Vicksburg, a loss which many think to have been the death-blow to the Confederacy. "He did not cut his way out of Vicksburg because his army was not strong enough," says General Gordon. This is true, but Pemberton ought to have tried to escape without a battle, and most historians believe that he could have done this. Vicksburg was valuable as the last important Confederate fort on the Mississippi; but Pemberton, following the Confederate mistake that had been made all down the river, turned the place into an entrenched camp and held it with an army. Grant, after a long series of attempts to isolate Vicksburg, launched his big army across below the fortress, cutting loose from his base and swinging round between Pemberton's army at Vicksburg and Joseph Johnston's small force at Jackson. There was only one chance for Pemberton, to leave Vicksburg either empty or with a small garrison, and edge round one of Grant's flanks—Grant had no line of communication for the time—so as to keep his army in the open field. To escape was dangerous; to remain was certain ruin. Pemberton's honesty and courage General Gordon does well to recognise; his reputation as a general is past saving.

Very interesting is General Gordon's account of what he considers as the last chance of the Confederacy at the Battle of the Wilderness. Grant's and Lee's arms had met in indecisive shock in the dense woodland on May 5, 1864. General Gordon, posted on the Confederate left with his brigade, found to his surprise at early dawn, that Grant's right flank was "in the air," and could be rolled up. General Early, his divisional commander, demurred, fearing to be crushed by Burnside's Federal corps, which, as a matter of fact, was not near that part of the field. The movement was not made till the close of the day, when it met with complete success, soon, however, checked by darkness. General Gordon maintains that a sudden flank attack in the morning, as soon as battle was joined on the other flank, would have rolled Grant's great army up, as the Austrians were rolled up at Leuthen, in spite of superior numbers.

The one point that might have upset this plan seems to me to be the intricate nature of the country, making concerted movements difficult and confusion probable. In several battles of the Civil War, notably Shiloh and Murfreesborough (or Stone River), an army apparently in hopeless rout was able to recover owing to the confusion of the pursuers in the tangled woods. The Battle of the Wilderness was a series of such partial victories. General Gordon, by the way, does not throw any light on what is the puzzle of the campaign of 1864 in Virginia—that in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania, Lee, with an army always stated as very inferior in numbers, was able to face Grant along his whole line with sufficient forces, and even take the offensive and incur heavy loss, as in the famous fight for the salient at Spottsylvania. Mere superiority in experience of war will not explain this; and in quality of courage there was no great difference between the average of the two armies. But, after all, Inkerman is even more of a miracle.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY. By William Canton. (Murray. 6s.)

THE British and Foreign Bible Society has, as most people are aware, just completed a hundred years of

its enthusiastic existence. The task of recording its rise and progress has been placed in competent hands, those of Mr. Canton, with the result that we have before us. The daily papers have supplied to those who take a personal interest in its work the remarkable figures in which that work is epitomised. The full account of its career may be read in Mr. Canton's fervid pages; in which with an abundance of illustrative anecdote, culled, we may fairly imagine, from the minutes of a hundred annual meetings in Exeter Hall, he passes in review the heroic labours of its officers and colporteurs.

Could we but follow them in their wanderings! Here at nightfall in October is one who loses his way in the forest. The rain is pouring in torrents; the darkness thickens; and the wind blows with eerie voices among the trees, through which he stumbles. Suddenly a light glimmers; there is a forester's hut. He reaches it and looks in through the window. By the light of a splinter of pine a grey-haired man is reading to a woman and two young men sitting round the fire. On his entrance the old man gives him a seat by the hearth, and asks leave to finish his reading. As he listens the colporteur's heart beats fast; it is one of the Gospels. "You must excuse it," says the forester when he has finished, "that we did not suffer ourselves to be interrupted by your arrival; we were desirous of learning all that the Lord had to say to us this evening. It has been our custom to close the day in this way for the last nine years, and we are much attached to it." Nine years before a colporteur had gone through the forest, and had sold a copy of the New Testament at this cottage.

One can imagine the applause, and perhaps one ought oneself to be stirred in harmony. But the fact is that though the broad and businesslike effort that has resulted in the wide diffusion of a priceless literature is a thing of which as a nation we may fairly feel proud, there has been mingled with the admirable devotion of the Society's supporters a certain insularity of outlook that has made them very offensive to the clergy and people of the Continent. The Bible is indeed priceless, but it is not a religion; and the attempt to thrust it as a substitute for religion upon peoples who have remained faithful to the religion of their fathers, to the tenets of a highly developed form of Christianity which Exeter Hall knows for the most part only in caricature, is an attempt that no man of liberal mind could approve. Nevertheless, the labours of the Society among the neglected and ignorant laity of the early days of its existence were labours, we should be the last to deny, that bore abundant fruit in enlightenment and culture among the poorer classes. And there are still fields in which it may sow the seed of the Word with hope of an abundant harvest.

TROUT FISHING. By W. Earl Hodgson. With a frontispiece by H. L. Rolfe, and a facsimile in colours of a model book of flies for stream and lake arranged according to the months in which the lures are appropriate. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an unconventional book. Mr. Earl Hodgson has not perpetrated a mere addition to the host of more or less elementary guides for tyros, but has broken to some extent new ground. Fishermen of every rank will be interested by his attempt to classify his observations on wind, temperature, and light. It is inevitable that his deductions should excite criticism, but he is himself so conscious that no finality can be arrived at that it seems hypercritical to speak in anything but praise of his courageous efforts in a field which angling writers have largely left untouched. His observations, it should be borne in mind, have been made on Scotch lochs at

well as southern rivers, and this may explain deductions which will not in the latter case be universally conceded. The east wind has few friends, and Mr. Earl Hodgson is emphatic in his condemnation. "Even a draught from the east or from the north," he says, "puts the fish down." Francis Francis gives exactly contrary testimony. "I have had," he says in "The Book of Angling," "some of the best days I ever had in my life with a north or east wind and some of the worst with a south or west one." No weather prophet can help the fly-fisher, and no rules have been deduced from experience to which exceptions cannot be cited. The only point on which all fly-fishers of every school are agreed is that fish go down when a fog gets up. There is, nevertheless, sound sense in Mr. Earl Hodgson's careful observations, and it may be granted that no fishermen will be any the worse for taking a leaf out of his notebook. For wind, light, and temperature, although not necessarily, under any conditions, fatal, terribly handicap the fisherman who does not appreciate their probable effect upon the haunts of fish. Mr. Earl Hodgson is not a devotee of the cult of the dry fly. He is even enough of a heretic to question whether artificial flies should float at all, and gives it as his experience that fish do not begin to feed in earnest on natural flies until these have been drenched. He has, moreover, courage enough to break a lance in favour of swimming the worm, which, it may be conceded, is undoubtedly a high art in clear streams if not in times of flood. Northern and southern fly-fishers can, perhaps, never agree on these well-worn themes. Your Test man will, we doubt not, continue for all time to regard the wet-fly fisher as a poacher, and the man with the worm as a felon. Mr. Earl Hodgson disputes the theory that trout have become more wary. He tells a capital story of a beginner who was broken by a good fish and within ten minutes hooked and landed the fish with the lost fly in his mouth. The falling-off in so many famous streams is, no doubt, as he believes, much more due to a decline in the stock of fish than to any other cause. Mr. Hodgson has, we believe, been the first to attempt a monthly classification of lake flies. His whole "Book of Flies," that is, of wet patterns exclusively, is valuable and beautifully reproduced, although there seems to be a touch of the north in his nomenclature of favourites which down south go by other names. But none of the multitude of visitors to the Scotch and Irish lochs can be anything but grateful for his painstaking attempt to deduce a method out of the chaos of lake patterns.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

THE CATTLE RAID OF CUALNGE. An old Irish prose epic, translated for the first time from *Leabhar na h-Uidhri* and *The Yellow Book of Lecan* by L. Winifred Faraday. (Nutt. 4s. net.)

The present version, says Miss Faraday, is intended for those who cannot read the tale in the original, and she fulfils her task for hundreds of those who have "an enthusiasm for Irish literature not accompanied by a knowledge of the Irish language." The translation is close to the original, it is from the best MS., nothing is omitted except a few passages of so-called rhetorics of no value to the story, and generally consisting of meaningless strings of words, and in these cases the places of omission are marked.

The non-Irish student is thus equipped with a valuable addition to his knowledge of archaic Irish tradition. The whole atmosphere of the story is archaic. The sickness of the Ulster heroes, which Professor Rhys

has identified with that curious custom known to ancient society as the *couvade*, the head-hunting customs—"we will not part thus," said *Etarcomol* to *Cuchulainn*, "till I have taken your head or left my head with you"—the uncertainty of fatherhood and the importance attached to sister's son, the different characteristics of the warriors noted as ugly men, dark men, or yellow-haired men, the belief in gods and non-gods, are among the features which strike the reader as expressive of ancient culture in Ireland.

Then there are the literary points. There is the framework of the regular story-teller's art very strongly apparent. The stories of the former deeds of *Cuchulainn* are as the stories of the deeds of heroes all the world over, and they interrupt the narrative of the Ulster fight with great charm both of purpose and manner. The quaint humour here and there revealed is perhaps specially Irish, while the boastful deeds of the heroes belong to that period of early history when single-handed prowess was the order of the day.

Altogether, this story from the ancient Irish storehouse is most welcome, and we hope it is but the forerunner of others from the same source. Miss Faraday has not given us notes, because she says they might repel the readers to whom the volume is offered. This, we think, is a mistake. There are too many quaint and difficult passages with allusions of interest and importance to Irish history for it to be altogether distasteful to the readers who will value this story to have the guidance of the editor where it is advisable. However, to grumble at what is not supplied, when we are so grateful for what is given to us, is not quite reasonable, and we are content to congratulate both author and publisher on this addition to our stock of Irish historical material.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Adolf Jülicher. Translated by Janet Penrose Ward. With a Prefatory Note by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder. 16s.)

THE prescriptions for a liberal education in little, initiated some years ago by him who was then Sir John Lubbock, are by the publication of this volume increased by one. It is Mrs. Humphry Ward who, in her prefatory note, recommends this translation of Dr. Jülicher's Introduction as a rival to the various groups of a hundred that have since been offered to the public.

Dr. Jülicher's book has the advantage of being intelligible to any person with a reasonably well trained mind. At the same time he is not ignominiously explanatory. His style is, for the style of a German, clear and flowing; it makes strict demand indeed upon the attention, but the attention is repaid. But though in some sense a popular writer, Jülicher is by no means a mere manualist. It would be difficult, writes his introducer, "to find, either in English or German, a more masterly statement of the Synoptic problem, or of the probable conditions governing the composition of the Fourth Gospel, or of the difficulties that surround the Acts, or, above all, of the history of the Canon and the Text." So far as concerns his relation to other scholars, "when Dr. Weiss on the more conservative side, and Professor Jülicher on the liberal side agree," says Dr. Harnack, "it is not necessary for any after-comer to reopen a question." And in his own discussion of the Pastoral Epistles the Berlin professor presupposes as proved the results arrived at by Jülicher and Holtzmann. It will complete the notion of Jülicher's position in the realm of criticism if we add that to him Zahn, the champion of orthodox criticism in

Germany, is simply "the great misleader." Comparing her author with Holtzmann, Mrs. Ward, following Harnack, finds a greater pliancy and simplicity of method and less Baurian "vigour and rigour."

Dr. Jülicher is further removed from Tübingen than Dr. Holtzmann. His treatment is "richer in historical points of view"; his tone more natural and varied; while "behind the documents he looks to the men and their relations, takes into account the influence of changing moods and circumstances upon a writer," and relies but sparingly on those fine-drawn arguments based wholly on the details of vocabulary or what may be called the psychology of style which the critic of to-day will use only when he must. His account of the literature of the subject is much less full than that of Dr. Holtzmann; but he gains thereby greatly in interest and vivacity for the general reader, while for the student the two books complete each other.

It is to be noted that Dr. Jülicher endeavours to avoid a theological or an "edifying" tone; and his endeavour may be said to be generally successful. But necessarily, at least because he ignores certain principles which by the orthodox are regarded as axioms, he will fail to carry with him in his inquiry those to whom, whatever may be the ultimate conclusion of criticism, dogmatic Christianity is a living thing.

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Revised edition, with Annotations and Introduction by John M. Robertson. (Routledge. 5s.)

WAS it not the late Sir Andrew Clark who formulated the counsel of perfection, "If you have only a week to live, begin your folio"? The advice recurs irresistibly to mind in the presence of this bulky volume of nearly a thousand pages (and, at that, but a fragment of the great synthetic essay schemed by its author), the work of a man of frail health, who died at the age of forty. Indeed, upon every page it bears evidence of a youthful temperament—in its impetuosity, its assurance, its rhetoric. And this in strangest contrast with the maturity of its method and the mass of its assimilated material. For he was superbly equipped for his great self-imposed task. He had mastered nineteen languages and was familiar with as many literatures. His list of authorities is appalling, and his bibliographical notes cover an enormous range. Whatever its shortcomings and inevitable faults of haste and temerity, here undeniably is a book that, like "The Wealth of Nations" or "The Origin of Species," has done its work and set its mark upon the mind of man once and for all. In a thousand places its present editor scrupulously points out the flaw in a particular argument or the error in regard to a matter of fact; the panorama of European history is none the less imposing with its stately array of authorities, the nexus of the main argument is not the less convincing, and the general thesis stands secure. We have already made allusion to Mr. Robertson's notes; his introduction is excellent also in tone and judgment.

Fiction

"LA CONQUÊTE DE JÉRUSALEM. Roman Moderne. Par Myriam Harry. (Calmann Lévy, 3fr. 50c.) Myriam Harry belongs to the group of "exotic" writers to whom Pierre Loti undoubtedly showed the way, but while following to a certain extent in Loti's footsteps her own individuality is too strong for her ever to be a mere imitator. The book before

us is a far more ambitious effort than either of her earlier volumes. We felt the charm of "Passage de Bédouins" and "Petites Épouses," but there was in them little sign of the power she shows here. How far she is successful in what she aims at in "La Conquête de Jérusalem" it is very difficult for the critic to determine. We venture to think that the interest of this really remarkable book lies less in the fortunes of its mystical hero, Hélié Jamain, than in the description of Jerusalem, its inhabitants and surroundings as they appear to-day. Instead of finding there, as he had hoped, the peace of the soul, Jamain, after a few weeks' sojourn, loses his illusions, his enthusiasm and his faith. The spot which had given birth to a doctrine of charity and peace has become a hotbed of intolerance and dissensions. Where he had hoped to find the light of the spirit, he found only the dead letter; where he had dreamed of finding the confirmation of his faith, he encountered vague superstitions, masses of falsehood, nothing that testified to the beginnings of Christianity. To the believer a perusal of this book will bring feelings of sadness and despair, to the sceptic confirmation that "tout lasse, tout passe," while to those who can contemplate Jerusalem dispassionately the volume affords a marvellously vivacious picture of what the place really is, painted with an artistic brush, at once strong and delicate, which reveals a writer of powerful originality, and an observer of keen discrimination.

THE FRENCH WIFE. By Katharine Tynan. (White, 6s.) In reading one of Katharine Tynan's novels one is always surprised and somewhat sorry to find such small if indeed any traces of that poetic fancy and charm to be found in the same writer's verses. The scene of "The French Wife" is of course Ireland, and though the story is interesting enough it is not distinguished by any play of fancy or delicacy of touch. It strikes the reader at times, even, as old-fashioned and heavy. The heroine, Alison Barnard of Barnard Castle, is of the stately type of Irish women, and her lover is a quixotic young philanthropist who devotes himself to wild schemes for the improvement of his country. He is by way of overlooking Alison in his enthusiasm, but in the end, when his plans miscarry and stones are flying in the air, he remembers that she is waiting for him; and marries her. "The French Wife" was Alison's grandfather's first wife, to whom he was not legally married by the then existing state of the law. She fled from the house with her two children, disappearing entirely. Alison is the granddaughter by his second wife, and holds the estate in trust for the descendants of the French wife when she shall discover them, holding herself not to be morally the rightful owner. The owners are found towards the end of the volume in two old gentlemen who somewhat remind us of Dickens' Brothers Cheeryble. But as Castle Barnard is destroyed by fire in the last chapter matters adjust themselves, and we are at liberty to put down the book.

THE LAND OF SILENCE. By G. B. Burgin. (Nash.) No one can doubt the sincerity of purpose of the author, but there is room to question whether he really and thoroughly understands the strange human problem which he presents under the name of Van Geld. What is the reader to believe of this amorphous personality: Indian by birth, gentleman by education, soliloquist, star-gazer, and mystic by circumstance? Is he god or man? In this novel Mr. Burgin returns for his subject matter to Canada, with which some of his former books have dealt. The story is of Old Man Flint, who has brought on himself The Curse through his ferocity in dispossessing an Indian family, the original squatters, of Prophet's Hill. Flint has a son and a "little Mary," the latter extremely troublesome but most necessary to the well-being of the story. Years pass by, medicine bottles increase, and the Curse still hangs ominously above the old man's head. He is sorely buffeted, and one night Van Geld, a doctor, a grandson of that same dispossessed squatter, appears to fulfil the curse. So far the story is coherent, and one rejoices in the prospect of some refined torture suitable to the occasion. But there arises a conflict of emotions. The cross which towers on Prophet's Hill forbids the fulfilment of the curse; "the usual girl"

forbids it; Van Geld's education, his sympathy forbid it; and on the other hand his Indian blood and loyalty to his forebears call loudly to him to take the vengeance which is his so justly. He battles with himself; he battles with the cross; and comports himself generally with the dignity of one possessed. And in the end, refined in the fires of love, and brotherhood, and religion, he sacrifices himself upon that same Christ's cross which dominated Prophet's Hill, and dominated all those that stood in its shadow. Perhaps! others may read the story differently. Mr. Burgin may congratulate himself on a strange book, strangely told.

THE TRIUMPH OF MRS. ST. GEORGE. By Percy White. (Nash, 6s.) The stage in Mr. White's new novel is occupied by well-known London types and the play proceeds in his characteristic manner. The story, which opens in Las Palmas, introducing us to a bronzed soldier just returned from a fifteen years' stay on the West Coast of Africa, soon shifts to London. Here the aforesaid bronzed soldier is captivated against his will by an extraordinarily fascinating woman, "a dream interpreter, clairvoyante, fortune-teller, palmist, prophetess—anything you like in the way of magic." She has a large *clientèle* and many guineas find their way into the mysterious rooms in Bond Street. "Ladies whom bad debts at bridge had saddled with compromising debts, young men who had backed horses for amounts they were unable to meet, constantly climbed those dark stairs haunted by the faint smell of sandal wood." The prophetess, albeit she has by no means a desirable past, hankers after respectability and the bronzed soldier whom she captures, but omits to disclose her real identity to him until it is forced from her by ensuing complications. Then the inevitable little box of deadly poison which the heroine of every such novel seems to possess appears upon the scene and works its wicked will. But the bronzed soldier is not inconsolable, for the author has considerably provided him with a second wife in the last chapter. The writing is bright and amusing in parts, and the story goes with a swing. One curious sentence occurs: "His dark trousers were turned up coquettishly over his boots."

STRONG MAC. By S. R. Crockett. (Ward, Lock, 6s.) When, oh when, is Mr. Crockett going to stop pouring out stories at a rate which absolutely precludes him from giving us good, or at any rate his best work? It is such a good "best" that some of his later work makes us sigh regretfully for another "Lilac Sunbonnet," or "Red Axe"—for the strength, tenderness, and vivid power which he has given us, and will, we sincerely hope, give us again. "Strong Mac" made its appearance first as a serial, as so many novels do nowadays, and reading it in volume form, an irresistible suggestion arises that the numbers were written as they were required. In some places the story seems dragged out—drawn to a thread as it were, to cover a given space—while at others it gallops over the ground at a fine rate—and the result is a rough unevenness of style much to be regretted. The book is not worthy of Mr. Crockett's reputation, and he must not blame us for saying so, since the standard by which we judge it is one set up by his own previous work. The story is sufficiently interesting, and here and there we get descriptions of Scotch scenery and sketches of Scotch character that remind us of his old style, but—well, we want something better, and we know he can give it us. For one thing Adora Gracie is an unsympathetic heroine, and Mr. Crockett can draw for us sweet women and true, when he will. Let us hope he will soon.

PATSEY THE OMADAUN. By M. McD. Bodkin, K.C. (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.) Any person wishing to while away a dull leisure cannot do better than choose "Patsey the Omadaun" as a companion. These dozen stories, for each chapter of the book is a story complete in itself, are as quaint and amusing as anything we have read for a long time. The hero, who is far from being the fool his nickname would proclaim him, is quite delightful. His simplicity, sly touches of humour, resourcefulness and pluck make him more than a match for the clever people who try to get the better of him, from "Foxy Regan" to Old Nick himself. Whether Patsey is a real man, or a fiction emanat-

ing from the fertile brain of his chronicler, Peter Rattigan, the tailor, he is equally a person worth knowing. It is easy to see that he and the complementary sketches of Irish character, with their strange mixture of worldly wisdom and childishness, their superstitions and old-world beliefs, are sketched by one who knows, understands, and loves them. We like Patsey, and should like to meet him and his sweet colleen, Biddy Maguire, again, and unless Mr. Peter Rattigan's memory, or invention, fail him, there is no reason why we should not. From the form the book takes, there is nothing to prevent this very lovable "Omadaun" from living as long and as entertaining a life as the great Mr. Sherlock Holmes himself. We honestly congratulate Mr. Bodkin on his volume, which his delightful and irresistible sense of humour makes most agreeable reading.

Short Notices

LEO TOLSTOY. By T. Sharper Knowlson. (Warne, 2s. 6d. net.) Tolstoyism, regarded as a philosophical or religious formula, is so self-contradictory, that any attempt to present or expound it is doomed to share its bewilderment. Yet is Mr. Knowlson an exponent of so much information that his little book serves invaluable for literary and biographical reference. Fresh from his recapitulation of the facts of the grand Moujik's life, we find Tolstoy a sombre illustration of a principled contempt for earthly existence. When Tolstoy thought to refute law and patriotism with "Resist not evil," the explanation was rather in his own temperament than in the Bible. The same Jesus who uttered those words drove the merchants out of the Temple, an action which alone suffices to limit their significance, as even a Bible-Christian would admit. But Tolstoy submitted the Bible to "his spiritual instinct" so drastically that we search the "Tolstoyan Bible" in vain for the Resurrection and Ascension. Tolstoy is therefore strictly a critical prophet delivering copious messages which disagree because his moods are variable. That anecdote of his attempting to fly when he was a child and injuring himself in the process is instructive as showing the eagerness which disposes him to make a great hazard for the sake of a little proof. To Englishmen he is before everything else the great novelist, and in this connection we must regret a foolish passage which groups Anna Karenin, Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Gamp. There is no sense in discussing the relative popularities of characters so dissimilar. In his praise of Tolstoy's style, Mr. Knowlson oversteps the mark. Tolstoy's style is distinctly poor; it is in characterisation and invention that he is great. In another edition the date of a translation, here mistitled "Non-Action," should be altered to March, 1896. The translation was done in French by Tolstoy himself and differs notably from the first Russian text.

LITERARY NEW YORK, ITS LANDMARKS AND ASSOCIATIONS. By Charles Hemstreet. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 10s. 6d. net.) Literary New York is made the subject by Mr. Hemstreet of a most unliterary history. He has shown untiring diligence in locating the houses with associations and traditions, and has catalogued with assiduous care the spots linked with the authors of New York. But in following upon their outward trail he has missed the opportunity for individual characterisation and critical appraisal. Possibly the field covered in a single volume is too wide to allow study of persons as well as places, but about the houses should linger the atmosphere of the indwellers, and the very names of books in connection with their birth-places should suggest an occasional word of significant criticism. New York is too new a city and Americans too changeable in habitat to have streets, corners, and courts ghost-ridden, as has older, greyer, richer London. In clear-skyed, unshadowed New York the houses assigned to authors are seldom home nests, but eaves scarce lighted upon and left in their restless flittings. The only touch of picturesqueness in the book is the sketch of New Amsterdam, with its gabled houses, its quaint costumes, and the cumbersome dignity of

its burgomasters and "schepens." And there is the breath of life in the two poets, Jacob Steendam, the singer of the people, and Nicasijs de Sille of courtly leisure. We have the various groups sketched, from Fresneau, the poet of the Revolution, and his contemporaries, through Irving and the "Salmagundi," Cooper and his friends, to the close of the Knickerbocker days. Then follow the writers of the later decades grouped about the magazines and papers of the period, "The Tribune" with Horace Greeley and Margaret Fuller, and "The Evening Post," under the editorship of William Cullen Bryant, Parke Godwin and John Bigelow. In the writers of to-day the footsteps are tracked of Stedman, Stoddard, Howell and Henry Harland while still an unashamed American. But even New York, modern and commercial, might give haunting memories. Poe with his shadow presences and his poignant cadences, Irving with his "Sleepy Hollow" traditions and his chivalrous love, Halleck and Drake in their immortal friendship, Margaret Fuller, ascetic dreamer of Brook Farm and impassioned lover of the Italy of Mazzini's visions—all these are enumerated, but not one is individualised. The book doubtless has its value as a work of reference, but it is a singularly bare record of the members of the Literary Guild, in a city not lacking in contrasts and colour, and both complex and picturesque in its cross currents of thought and its blending of races.

OUTLINES OF COMPARATIVE POLITICS. By B. E. Hammond. (Rivingtons, 7s. 6d.) Nothing quite like this has been done before. It is at once a compendium of history, a book of reference, and a carefully considered study of a profoundly interesting subject. There are larger, longer, possibly more erudite works dealing more or less directly with the science of comparative politics; but this is a handbook, a help, and a guide; and again something better than all these things, for it is individual, personal; the work of a man who knows what he is writing about. Exactly nine years ago we had occasion to speak very highly in the columns of THE ACADEMY of "The Political Institutions of the Ancient Greeks" by the same author. The impression then formed is fully justified by this later and maturer work. The classification of States and their Governments must always have a keen fascination for the student of politics, it partakes so much of the groundwork, the weaning of nations, and leads to the synthesis and evolution of national character. As an instance of the bypaths of the study of "Comparative Politics," Mr. Hammond refers to a curious and hitherto ignored analogy between the Spartans and their helots and the Boers of the Great Trek of 1835 and their black slaves. This was briefly mentioned in an interesting lecture by the late Honourable John Tudhope, published in South Africa, on the old Voortrekkers, but it has never before been carried to its legitimate conclusion. Another happy and apposite comparison is that of Tammany with the Parte Guelfa in Florence. It is amazingly parallel. Although the Florentines set themselves free from the Guelph captains at the time of the great revolt of the *Ciompi*, within fifteen years they were again under the rule of a small clique of men who resembled the captains in all important particulars. In the study of such a wide-embracing subject it would be impossible to ignore the important factor of the City States, and the author devotes to them a careful examination, in chapters v. to ix., from Mycenæ, Argos, and Corinth, down to Athens and Rome. The matter is sound, interesting, and informing. It could not have been better done. To students, as also to the average man who wants to get to the bottom of things, this book is invaluable.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

Bull, M.A. (The Rev. Paul B.), *The Missioner's Handbook* (Richards) net 3/6

Poetry, &c.

Moore (T. Sturge), *The Gazelles, and Other Poems*.....(Duckworth) 1/0
Tweedie (Mrs. Alec), *Behind the Footlights*.....(Hutchinson) net 18/0
Paul (Herbert), edited by, *Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone* (Allen) net 15/0

Ward (F. W. Orde) (F. Harald Williams), *The Prisoner of Love* (Richards) net 3/6
New Songs, A Lyric Selection made by A.E. (Bullen) net 1/6

History and Biography

Walpole, K.O.B. (Sir Spencer), *The History of Twenty-Five Years 1856-1881, 2 Vols.*.....(Longmans) net 24/0
Snell, M.A. (J. G.), *Early Associations of Archbishop Temple* (Hutchinson) net 6/0
Russell (G. W. E.), *Matthew Arnold*.....(Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6
Murdoch, M.A. (James) and Isach Yamagata, *A History of Japan, during the Century of Early Foreign Intercourse (1542-1651)* (Kobe, Japan: "Chronicle" Office) gold \$6.40
Sichel (Walter), *Disraeli, a Study in Personality and Ideas* (Methuen) net 12/6
Farrar (Reginald), *The Life of Frederic William Farrar*.....(Nisbet) net 6/0

Travel and Topography

Whigham (H. J.), *Manchuria and Korea*.....(Labister) 7/6
Goodlife, M.A. (W.), *Littlehampton and Arundel* (Homeland Association) net 0/6
Hanbury (David T.), *Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada* (Arnold) net 16/0

Art

Jackson (F. Hamilton), *Mural Painting*.....(Sands) net 5/0
Bygone Eton, Part II.....(Spottiswoode) 1/6

Educational

Dumville, B.A. (B.), *The Elements of French Pronunciation and Diction*.....(Dent) 2/6
Bradley (Henry), *The Making of English*.....(Macmillan) 4/6
Allcroft, M.A. (A. H.), and Haydon, M.A. (J.H.), *The Early Principate: A History of Rome 44 B.C.-138 A.D.* (University Tutorial Press) 3/6
Norwood, B.A. (Gilbert), and Watt, M.A. (A. F.), edited by, *Tacitus: Agricola*.....(University Tutorial Press) 2/6

Miscellaneous

The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. VI. God—Istria (Funk & Wagnalls) net 25/0
Hammond (B. E.), *Outlines of Comparative Politics* (Rivingtons)..... 7/6
Pearce (E. H.), *The Sons of the Clergy, 1655-1904*.....(Murray) net 5/0
Davidson (Morrison), *The Wisdom of Winstanley the "Digger"* (Henderson) 0/3
Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Vol. XXIV. Part IV. (Asher)
Joseph's Letters upon Egypt, I.....(Cassell) net 0/6
Levy (J. H.), *The Fiscal Question in Great Britain*.....(King) net 0/6
Waters, R. A., C.V.O. (Col. W. H. H.), translated from the German by, *The War in South Africa*.....(Murray) net 15/0

Fiction

"The Price of Youth," by Margery Williams (Duckworth), 6/0; "The Bindweed," by Nellie K. Blissett (Constable), 6/0; "The Ellwoods," by C. S. Welles, M.D. (Simpkin, Marshall), 6/0; "The Watcher on the Tower," by A. G. Hale (Unwin), 6/0; "The Sword in the Air," by Archibald G. Gunter (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Miss Caroline," by Theo Douglas (Arnold), 6/0; "The Vulgar Truth," by L. Lockhart Lang (Arnold), 6/0; "Maureen," by Edward McNulty (Arnold), 6/0; "The Money-Maker," by Georges Ohnet, translated by F. Rothwell (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "What Ought She to do?" by Florence Warden (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "The Vineyard," by John Oliver Hobbes (Unwin), 6/0; "Yarborough the Premier," by A. H. Weekes (Harper), 6/0; "The Lion of Gersau," by "Sirrah" (Heinemann), 6/0; "Tally," by Emily Pearson Finnemore (Hurst & Blackett), 3/6.

Reprints and New Editions

"Charles II." by Osmond Airy, M.A., LL.D. (Longmans), 6/6 net; "Thomas Dekker," edited by Ernest Rhys (Unwin), cloth, net 2/6; "The Odyssey of Homer in English Verse," by Arthur S. Way, M.A. (Macmillan), net 6/0; "Wordsworth's Grave," by William Watson (Lane), cloth, net 1/0; "Micro-Cosmographie, or, A Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters," by John Earle (Cambridge Press), net 23/0; "History of Civilization in England," Vol. III., by H. T. Buckle (Richards), net 1/0; "Aylwin," by Theodore Watts-Dunton (Richards), net 1/0; "Selections from the Anti-Jacobin," by George Canning (Methuen), net 1/6; "T.B.B." otherwise Tom Bart Brown, by W.W. (Bemrose), net 2/0; "Shelley at Oxford," by Thomas Jefferson Hogg (Methuen), net 2/0; "Systematic Memory," by T. MacLaren (Guilbert Pitman), net 1/0; "Corn-Law Rhymes," by Ebenezer Elliott (Unwin), 2d.; "Nicholas Nickleby," by Charles Dickens (Ward, Lock), 6d.; "A Strange Disappearance," by A. K. Green (Ward, Lock), 6d.; "The Lost Witness," by Lawrence L. Lynch (Ward, Lock), 6d.; "Rules for Compositors and Readers," by H. Hart (Frowde), net 6d.

Periodicals

"Rapid Review," "Critic," "London," "Library World," "Women's Industrial News," "The Commonwealth," "Cosmopolitan," "Book News," "University Record."

Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

Kohlrausch (R.), *Klassische Dramen und ihre Stätten* (Stuttgart: Robert Lutz)
De la Sizeranne (R.), *Les Questions Esthétiques Contemporaines* (Paris: Hachette)
Driesen (Dr. Otto), *Der Ursprung des Harlekin* (Berlin: Duncker) 5m.

Miscellaneous

Philippson (A.), *Das Mittelmeergebiet*.....(Leipzig: Teubner)

Periodicals

"Das Weltall," *Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft*, XXVI. Band, Heft 3, 4, 5, 6. Mitteilungen.

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XIV.—On Leap Year

ONE of my friends, an Admiral's widow, gives me, every Saturday, a summary of her week's study of the "Daily Mail." A strange question, therefore, has been haunting me for some weeks:

Should girls propose?

I have a great reverence for youth, but there seems to be some conspiracy in the very air to rob young women of the present day of all their charm. Is it true that millions every morning seriously consider whether men are too timid to suggest marriage? Am I to believe that any girl in her senses could persuade herself that a man who showed the least cowardice in wooing would be worth consideration as a husband? Do these people who write apologies for backward or unwilling lovers realise at all what marriage means, or the irreparable harm they work in unformed minds by lowering the average standard of common manliness? Already, in this small Parish, I observe a new light gleaming in many eyes which were once very gentle and submissive. Great hulking fellows who work on stock farms are being treated as though they were delicate flowers, capricious zephyrs, sensitive plants, or moping love-birds; the Master of the Hounds (who is over six feet in height and a very fair specimen of English manhood) is regarded as a Sèvres statuette; ladies humour him; he is no musician but their attitude toward him is, as it were, that of those who turn over the leaves for a player on some instrument. The few officers who are stationed near our county town receive odd treatment which is based, apparently, on the assumption that they are frail and bashful. If a subaltern declines an invitation to a boring dinner, his refusal is taken with smiles of indulgence. Mama and the daughters pat his hand—I might almost say his cheek—they stroke his arm (not as Pallas Athene stroked the arm of Odysseus, but rather as a kind cat caresses a pouting kitten); they behave, in fact, as the knights of old in romance behaved toward petulant, shrinking beauties. This grim truth—the subaltern prefers to miss their dinner party—is far from their suspicion; so, with the best motives, they pile encouragement on encouragement till it looks less like hospitality than persecution. Last year, the unmarried men or widowers of our small circle paid calls, lent books, entertained a little, dined out and danced a

little, attended Bazaars, Flower Shows, Cattle Sales, Race Meetings, Political Meetings, and Garden Parties; did their best, in fact, to exchange neighbourly civilities and join in the slow whirl, such as it was, of parochial affairs. Now all this is changed. Girls who were formerly prudent have become foolish, and women who were formerly agreeable companions have developed into dragoons. One fears them; one avoids them; one dreads the gift of their sympathy, and it would be suicide to offer it. Now this is clearly wrong. One should always be willing, at least, to meet any woman—of any age or any type of understanding (I say nothing about looks because it is a deep-set notion of mine that a good appearance, in a member of either sex, depends wholly on the individual observer—not on the individual observed). I am not a coxcomb; my unmarried friends (among men) are not vain, but we begin to feel that we are being much pitied because we are so desolate of self-confidence that we dare not tell our loves. We could tell our loves easily enough if we had them; nay, more, we should enjoy telling them; the fact is, we are not in love, and we do not wish to marry. Most of us have had our stories—long ago; some of us are inexpressibly thankful that they never grew beyond the story-stage; some of us have old memories which cannot be displaced in favour of new hopes; some of us have neither memories nor hopes. But what is this strange fever in the air with regard to marriage? Who pairs the birds of the trees? Who badgers the lion? Who bores the elephant? Who writes essays on the nervousness of the field-mouse? Who would start a correspondence on bachelors in the beetle tribe? If we once allow—even for argument's sake—that it is for women to arrange the marriages, all social life is doomed to destruction. Men driven into a corner use their strength, hit hard, and get out into the open as soon as possible. They are never coy, and I fear they are not tactful when their freedom is at stake. The most timorous male will find the strength to say "No"—when he receives an unwelcome proposal. And a woman's proposal could never be welcome. As for Queens and Ruling Princesses, their case is hard. It is so hard that I doubt all the sacred legends on the subject. And my prayer is that no well-meaning spinster, sustained by pretty anecdotes of Queens, Prince Consorts, and roses, will offer our octogenarian retired Indian Judge a bunch of honey-suckle and myrtle. He will not like it, and she will feel hurt, eventually.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomet

I THINK there was never a truer saying than that "The style is the man"; it is true not only of literature, but of all the arts. It is because of this truth that great masters in the arts have seldom founded schools; they have had their "sedulous apes" indeed, but the monkeys are merely imitative. I have a friend, a writer of novels, who is an able writer, but who handicaps himself by troubling his mind about his style; he worries over grammar and syntax, a false con-

cord is to him an unpardonable sin. But after all I would prefer to write ungrammatically rather than lifelessly. Any one can be grammatical if he will but take pains, but no amount of care or study will equip a writer with a style.

AFTER all, what is style? How do I recognise my friend when I meet him? By his appearance, by his manner—in short by his style. So do I recognise the

writer by his style, which is the outward and visible sign-manual of the inner, hidden man. There be errors of grammar in the writings of masters of style, in Thackeray and in Goldsmith for example. But what need I reckon of these little slips? I know Thackeray and Goldsmith by their style, in each case the style is the man. The great writer has that which he must say, and he speaks it, by word of mouth or by word of pen, in the manner which comes native to him; there is the whole matter. I care not a fig for your pedants, who lay down laws of style and by them test the greatness of those who have written immortal works. Such pedagogues anger me! Who are these little men that they should dare to tell great men that they would have been greater if they had reduced their styles to a dreary dead level of excellence, founded upon pedantic theory? Laws are made to keep the average man from error, not for the tying of the hands of the master-folk.

If a man have nothing to say, let him keep his tongue and his pen quiet; he may acquire temporary notoriety by perfecting what he calls a style, by writing many beautifully chiselled sentences, which shall be as tinkling cymbals, signifying nought and satisfying no one. Shall I call down abuse about my ears if I declare that among such writers are Stevenson and Pater? Will they be read a hundred years hence by any save students of literature, by such men as now read Lyly, his "Euphues"? That book I have read, it wearied me, interesting me only in that in its day it had affected literary workers.

BUT as for the master-folk, they speak out straight from their great hearts, their words burn with life and lustiness, their words are part of themselves, and what should this insignificant me dare to say of their styles? Let me humble myself before them and thank God that they were not as other men and that they said their say in the style with which God had seen fit to equip them. Academicism is the grave of originality; freedom is the breath of literary life.

As well ask all writers to study and observe the rules of style as demand that all men and women should mould their manner of expression in some set fashion. Clothes are "the bird-lime of fools"; and the garments of literary fashion are only useful to hide the nakedness of little souls; from the shoulders of the great they fall away.

E. G. O.

Science

Not Without Hope

THERE is no occasion to waste time by discussing the details of the orthodox—i.e., neo-Babylonian—view of the origin of sin. But a characteristic feature of the modern strategy of orthodoxy is to read a symbolical meaning into that which was once accepted, taught and believed in a literal sense. The method varies with each succeeding decade. We are not likely again to find a champion of the untenable so bold as Newman, who declared that, as long as we do not know what motion is, we may believe the statement of orthodoxy that the sun goes round the earth, and the statement of science to the contrary, to be both and

equally true! But defences are still set up, though of a less flagrant kind, for views at least equally erroneous.

The best evidence for the view that we are a fallen race is to be derived simply from the beliefs of former generations to that effect. It need hardly be said that the natural desire to explain man's disabilities, and the familiar property of the mind by which it tends to magnify the past, are abundant explanation of this myth. Science, on the contrary, furnishes us with irrefragable evidence, admitted by every impartial person capable of judging it, that the history of man is an ascent and not a descent. The late Professor Henry Drummond, whose lectures to schoolboys were a delight to at least one auditor who gratefully remembers them now, has expressed this view in terms familiar to most readers.

Man is, indeed, descended from sinless ancestors in this sense, that the "ape and tiger" are sinless. We do not impute sin to our pre-human ancestors, nor to their present representatives. But this is not to say that present sinful man has fallen from their "high" estate.

Whence, then, our conception of sin? So far is evolutionary science from teaching original sin—as one of my critics has asserted—that it absolutely repudiates and stultifies the idea. Evolutionary science, accepting the fundamental article of faith in the creed of science, the belief in universal causation, declares that sinful man—physical and spiritual—is an evolutionary product of the non-moral dust, and of millions of non-moral ancestors. In other words modern science and philosophy offer an unqualified denial to the assertion that man has inherited a burden of sin. Man has indeed inherited or evolved a moral sense, a knowledge of good and evil, such as his predecessors had not. So much truth there is in the Garden of Eden story. But the most obvious analysis of that moral sense will show that vice and virtue are correlatives. In other words, the theological idea of sin as an *absolute* thing must disappear. This we shall see when we come to consider the rational and scientific conception of sin; but first let me notice how signally the wisdom of the East has forestalled that of the West in this matter. The orthodox and unphilosophical conception of sin as an absolute thing is wholly western. Take, for instance, the primitive religion of Japan, and observe its superior wisdom as compared with the ideas of western theologians—ideas which are contradicted by the patent experience of every one of us every day. The ancient creed of Shintoism—like twentieth-century philosophy!—does not regard the passions as evil in themselves, but as evil only in certain circumstances. Further, it regards human nature as steadily tending towards the ennoblement and purification of the passions—which have helped to produce humanity and are absolutely necessary for its survival. In other words, Shintoism and modern science have an optimistic view of human nature, as opposed to the pessimistic view of western theologians. Orthodoxy holds human nature to be essentially bad, and, in order to relieve the Almighty of the onus of such a product, it had to invent that most extraordinary and palpably false of all absurdities, free-will, which is at once a contradiction of the facts of existence and of any conception of Omnipotence. Modern science, like Shintoism, thinks better of human nature—and, therefore, one cannot but suppose, of its First Cause. Amongst the disasters which have ensued from the orthodox conception of sin as an absolute thing I need only mention asceticism, which—largely under the influence of Stoicism, no doubt—has led

many noble men and women to devote themselves to the destruction of what they believed to be essentially and fundamentally bad within them, and has thereby robbed humanity of the services of many of its most lovely souls.

What do we mean, then, by saying that sin is a relative thing, and not an original wickedness mysteriously planted, under the eyes of Omnipotent Goodness, in the heart of man? All sin, I take it, is an expression of egoism—the lust of *doing*, of expressing oneself. There is a difficulty about the use of this word, since it has been used in so many unphilosophical and narrow senses, which have given it a sinister significance. If egoism be essentially a bad thing, then so must be sinful conduct, on my own definition of it. And this is the whole question. Christianity, at any rate by some of its exponents, teaches that egoism is sinful as such. Its Sublime Founder taught and practised and died a cruel death for nearly unqualified, absolute altruism. The fact remains that no professing Christian practises unqualified altruism. He eats his breakfast, though his is not the only mouth on earth. He does not turn the other cheek to the smiter. Nevertheless, though we all know perfectly well that unqualified altruism is not only impracticable but undesirable, and though neither Cardinal nor Archbishop practises or can practise it, neither Cardinal nor Archbishop has yet had the honesty to confess that which we all know and act upon—that egoism is the correlative of altruism, and that each must combine with and adjust itself to the other in order that the highest results may be attained. In the words of Christ Himself it is the duty of each of us to love his neighbour *as himself*. Not more than himself, observe. This egoism, this expression of all that heredity and environment have made of us, is not sinful in itself.

Nor are any of its expressions. They have become sinful because human nature—which is *not* desperately wicked, thank Heaven—has developed altruism within itself, and has determined that man is to be a social animal. The ideal of happiness for each of us having been gradually evolved from that of the animal, which is content to eat and sleep and procreate, our egoism has to temper itself with altruism. Where the balance is imperfect, there is sin: the expression not of original depravity, but of yet imperfect attainment by humanity of its own Divine ideals. And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence for the fulness of the days? Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

THERE WAS a stimulating debate at The Playgoers last Sunday evening, presided over by Mrs. Craigie. The topic of discussion was the need for and possibility of a Repertoire Theatre in London, and it seemed to be the general opinion that no large experiment is at present possible, the question resolving itself into one of £ s. d., and that in turn resolving itself into vagueness. But Miss Edith A. Browne made the practical suggestion that, even if a great move were at present impossible, a small one might surely be made, which if successful would grow into the big thing so generally desired by all lovers of the serious drama.

SURELY there is much good sense in this proposal, which I will venture to try to put into a practical

form. Why should not, say, Mr. W. L. Courtney take to himself Mr. J. H. Leigh and one other; why should not this committee of three formulate a programme for an experimental three-months' season next autumn, in October, November, and December? The Court Theatre or the Great Queen Street Theatre might be utilised for the experiment, a competent company gathered together for the production of some eight or ten plays; one or two of the least often performed of Shakespeare's, one of Wycherley's or Congreve's, one of Sheridan's, and, if permission can be obtained, of "The Crusaders," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, "Trelawny of the Wells," by Mr. A. W. Pinero, "The Wedding Guest," by Mr. J. M. Barrie, and "Candida," by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. The subscription would be for one performance of each play.

Of course such an experimental season would be more costly comparatively than a regular season at a fully equipped repertoire theatre; but artistically and carefully carried out, I believe it would at any rate pay its way and might be the beginning of great things. So far there has been nothing but talk, is it not time that some one of influence took the matter up in practical fashion? What is lacking is a leader. In addition to the plays above suggested, might we not hope for the assistance of Mr. Tree and Mr. Benson with their touring companies, and of The Stage Society, The Mermaid Society, The Elizabethan Stage Society, and others? Cannot all these forces be focussed, all this energy be brought to bear upon the foundation of a repertoire theatre?

BROWNING'S "A Soul's Tragedy," presented by The Stage Society this week, does not act well, its poetry and its philosophy do not "carry across the footlights." It is not a drama of action or of the emotions, it is a study in souls and therefore a study for the fireside, not for the garish glare of the footlights. The vacillating Chiappino does not fascinate us in the theatre as he does in the book, and Ogniben's cynicism when spoken becomes wearisome. In the latter case, maybe, it is partly the fault of the actor, who insisted on making "points," taking the audience into his confidence and posing before them as a very, very, very clever man.

AFTER Browning came "'Op o' Me Thumb" by Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Richard Pryce. This one-act piece is difficult to classify, but may best be described as drama, with a fine sprinkling of comedy and of farce. But whatever it be, it is extremely clever, very true to life and admirably written. The plot need not be described; the central figure is Amanda Afflick, a child of the workhouse, little in body but big in soul. She is filled with envy of her comrades in the laundry where she works, who have homes, parents, lovers, of all of which she herself has none. She invents therefore and tells wonderful tales of a rich father who will some day return to his child and deck her with jewels, and of a lover who will raise her to heights of wealth and luxury. The character is full of infinite jest and of infinite pathos, it is a creation, it sticks in the memory as does her ancestor the Marchioness. It called for a great actress and it found such a one in Miss Hilda Trevelyan, whose every tone, look and gesture became the part, and fulfilled all its demands, which were great. Every member of the cast was good, but I may particularly mention Miss Marianne Caldwell as the French proprietress of the laundry, and Mr. Nye Chart as a costermonger; both had every temptation to over-act and neither fell into the trap. A play and a performance

happenings associated with the Crystal Palace, though most musicians would probably hold in even more affectionate remembrance that far-famed series of Saturday orchestral concerts whereby, in the old days, Sir August Manns (as he now is) rendered such splendid service to the highest interests of the art. Certainly any celebration of the forthcoming jubilee of the Palace would be wanting in which that grand old veteran failed to play a conspicuous part.

It is interesting to note that of the artists who will be taking part in the forthcoming Kruse Festival all, with the exception of Herr Weingartner, Fräulein Malten, and Mr. Mark Hambourg, are of English birth—namely, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Edna Thornton, Mrs. Harriet Foster, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, and Mr. Frederic Austin. Professor Kruse himself is also a British subject, having been born in Australia. The appearance of Fräulein Malten, of the Dresden Opera, who will go down in musical history as the creator of the part of Kundry at Bayreuth, promises to be an interesting feature of the Festival. She is to take part in the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung," and seeing that "Parsifal" was first produced as long ago as 1882, her participation in the Festival should disprove once again the oft-slain dictum that the singing of Wagner is injurious to the voice.

MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan have prepared a highly attractive programme for the joint recital which they are giving at St. James' Hall next Tuesday. Hardly a single number in the whole list can be reckoned in the slightest degree hackneyed, though it may be taken for granted, where artists of such fine taste are concerned, that all will be worth hearing. Mme. Marchesi announces, among other quite new works, a group of Scandinavian songs by Stenhammer, Sibelius, Kjerulf, and Sigurd Lie, while Mr. O'Sullivan is to be heard in a selection from Kipling's "Just-So Story" songs, by Mr. Edward German, among other things.

From further particulars now to hand respecting Mr. MacDowell's resignation of his position at Columbia University, it appears that he proposed the establishment of a special Faculty of Fine Arts, in which music would be included, but the trustees were unable to arrange this, and their alternative plan did not commend itself to the composer. Mr. MacDowell has since explained his views on the whole question of the proper place of music in university teaching, in an interesting article in the "New York Times."

I believe (he writes) that music should never be treated alone, but only in conjunction with the fine arts, namely belles lettres, painting, sculpture and architecture. The knowledge of these when a man leaves college need not be technical, but it should be general knowledge of such a character that he can recognise the poetic inspiration of the best in art. . . . Unless the students leave their colleges with some traces of idealism and some love for art the university is not complete.

With which view of the matter many will agree.

THERE are some assertions so amazing in their inaccuracy that one is almost at a loss how to deal with them. Such a one is the recent statement of a certain notorious anti-Brahmsite critic to the effect that "his [Brahms'] choice of subjects for his musical inspiration

was utterly provincial and limited." Now, regarding the character and value of Brahms' music there may be legitimate differences of opinion. As to the subjects of his works, on the other hand, this is a question of simple fact. Hence it is simply impossible to understand how any writer with the smallest respect for his own reputation could commit himself to such a grossly incorrect assertion as that quoted. Few composers found inspiration in subjects more lofty or more various—less "limited" or less "provincial"—than the composer whose chief works include a Deutsches Requiem, a Schicksalslied, a Triumphlied, settings of Goethe's "Harzreise" and the same poet's "Rinaldo," two sets of Liebeslieder, and songs of every sort and kind.

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NOTE.—Amateurs and others owning Photographs of Literary, Musical, Artistic or Dramatic interest are requested to communicate with the Editor of this Journal, 9 East Harding Street, E.C.

Art Notes

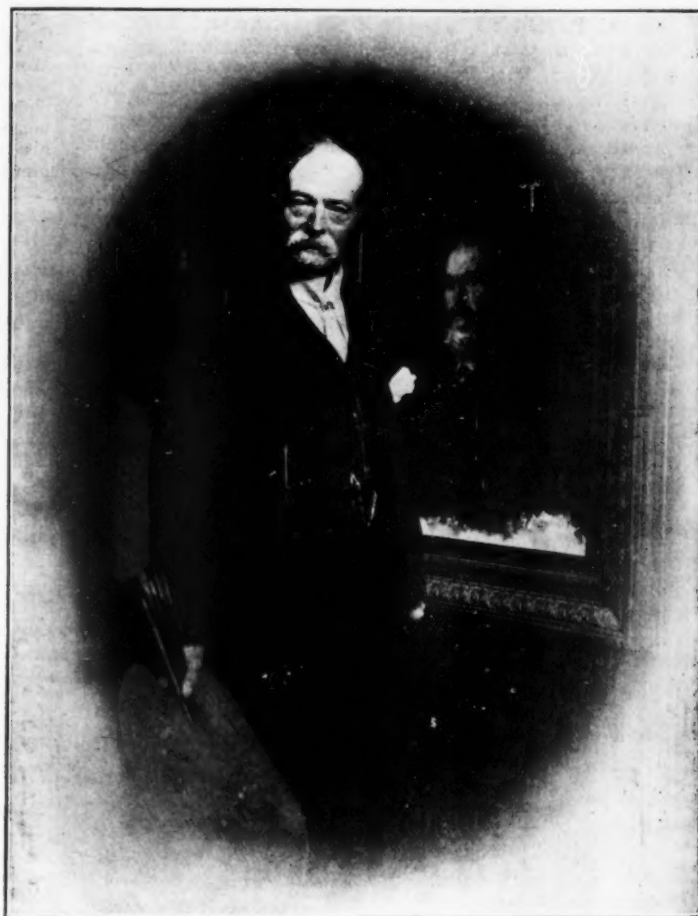
At the Leicester Galleries are to be seen the original water-colours painted by Mr. Mortimer Menpes for his projected book on "Venice"—and a handsome volume it promises to be. I understand that Mr. Menpes, with his extraordinary energy and his wonted versatility, has mastered the whole craft of colour reproduction by the three-colour process, and has set up his own machines for printing by it. I can only say that if the colour pieces reproduced in his other books, particularly on the Boer War, were done by himself, he is as much to be congratulated on his craftsmanship as on his artistry. Some of the South African prints were marvellous in their reproduction of silvery tints—subtle tints that die in the process work of the ordinary firms. I was glad to be able to compare some of his originals at the Leicester Galleries with the process blocks in the "dummy" volume that lay on the table; and it was surprising to see what very beautiful results were occasionally achieved. There is in this show an exquisite water-colour which recalls Mr. Menpes' art at its very best—"The Dogana and Salute." The breadth of treatment, the tenderness of colour, the masterly accomplishment of the thing would make it stand out in any exhibition of brilliant work. Now this work suffers terribly in the reproduction. Yet there are one or two silvery, subtly painted water-colours which are marvellously rendered. The glitter of the waters in the brilliant "By a Squero" is lost in the reproduction; yet in other pieces this glitter and splash and play of the restless canals that reflect with gemlike effect the bright tints of blue or green shutters are wonderfully well caught in the print. I think it is somewhat of a pity that Mr. Menpes reduces his delightful originals to so severe a smallness—the effect is always belittling even when the colour does not fail. Still, when the large "Bridge of Sighs" with the great bridge of the Rialto in front (No. 29) gives such large results even in its reduced form in the print, one must not put down everything that is not quite successful to the reduction. These water-colours show Mr. Menpes' sensitive eye for colour, and hold a charm which is rarely absent from his brush. Above all, he must be congratulated on having painted nearly a hundred pictures of Venice that are wholly free from a hackneyed suggestion of a hackneyed theme.

I HAVE been flipping through the dandified leaves of the ninth number of that strange little periodical "The Green Sheaf," published and edited and sold by the strange personality whom we call Pamela Colman Smith. I ought perhaps to add that some of the designs, by far the best, are from her own whimsical hands. Mr. Horton contributes a charming line drawing "Château de Garde."

MISS PAMELA COLMAN SMITH has published a drawing of Mr. W. B. Yeats from the offices of "The Green

Sheaf," which will be sought after by the admirers of the Irish poet.

THE sale of the Townshend heirlooms has been the artistic sensation of the last few days; and I must confess to a feeling of sadness on wandering round the great rooms at Christie's, and gazing at the long rows



MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.
[Photo. Edith Joseph.]

of canvases that ought to be bringing honour to some old historic house, now hanging up with shamed faces at being sold to Jack, Tom and Harry—and Isaac. There is something intensely pathetic in this survey of the old-time beauties and the richly dressed dandies of a great house being scattered abroad at a price. I felt glad that I took my first survey before the sale; indeed for those who did not arrive long before the sale commenced the disposal of the Townshend heirlooms became somewhat of a tale—the great room was as packed with celebrities of rank and fashion and picture-dealers as the walls were crowded with ancestors; and the words that the auctioneer spoke did not carry to the twelfth row outside the door. A small pastel portrait by Reynolds went early in the day at nine hundred and eighty guineas—and the pace increased. The small canvas by Gainsborough of "Robert Adair" did not fall to the hammer until two thousand guineas were reached; whilst Romney fetched the highest price of the day with the small three-quarter length figure of "Georgina Anne, Lady John Towns-

hend," which started at five hundred guineas and fell to the bid of Mr. Wertheimer at three thousand one hundred and fifty guineas. The large Reynolds of "George, first Marquis Townshend," a fine canvas, reached two thousand one hundred guineas, whilst the same painter's "George Lord Ferrers" sold for two thousand guineas. Hoppner's "Portrait of a Lady" went at one thousand three hundred and fifty guineas. Several Reynoldses fetched high prices; and Lely, to my mind a great artist, showed a marked tendency to high values, two or three fine works selling for over five hundred guineas. I cannot make out why women's portraits by him and that other superb portrait painter, Kneller, sell for such high prices when their pictures of men often go at two figures—Lely and Kneller whose portraits of men are a joy for ever! Ah, how grimly the ghosts of Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney, of Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely must have smiled at the prices that rang out from the mouths of picture-dealers; and as they shuffled through their ghostly note-books and compared such sums to the paltry prices they themselves received, how sadly they must have shaken their ghostly heads!

At the Carfax Gallery in Ryder Street is a show of pastels and water-colours by Mr. Birkenruth, drawings chiefly of the Engadine, in which the artist shows a quick sense of colour and as quick a sense of what will make an engaging picture. At Dowdeswell's Galleries, in Bond Street, Mr. Tyndale shows a number of water-colours wherein he depicts flower-stalls and fruit-stalls along the sunlit towns of the Riviera and Italy in his usual bright dainty manner.

MESSRS. EVERETT, of Ludgate Hill, have issued a portfolio of "Twelve Drawings by Will Mein, Illustrating a Fragment by D. L. A. Jephson," which contains a little tragedy as short in the telling as the title is long in the writing. And I must confess that I wish most of the tedious books written to-day were as pithily condensed, and indeed contained as much story—though it is the old old theme of a betrayed woman and her child. One or two of the black and white designs are charming, if reminiscent of greater masters, particularly "The Windmill," "Those of the Night," "The Top of the Hill," and "The Path to the Rising Sun."

"THE Burlington Magazine" has an article this month upon Mr. D. S. MacColl's suggestion that the Royal Academy should hold an exhibition, out of its own season, of the works of men outside its gates. That is a suggestion that the Royal Academy ought not to have allowed to be made to it, through the very simple process of forestalling the suggestion by carrying it out. If the Academy were sufficiently alive to its own repute, it would have a standing committee whose business it should be to watch the work of all the chief societies during the year, and to get the best work of the year throughout the country for an autumn show. It would be an education for the Academy which it badly wants; it would arouse the weaker members to send in their resignations before they became a laughing-stock by comparison with the younger men; it would make the Academy the central authority in the Art world, which it has ceased to be this many a long year; and it would make the members of the Academy at least appear to be interested in the artistic welfare of the nation—an accusation which its worst enemy

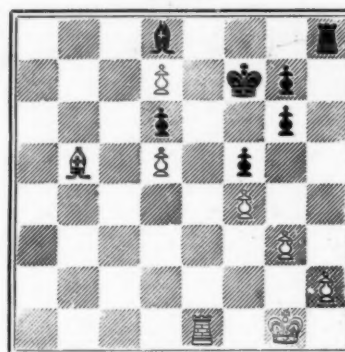
would not bring against it to-day. But the Academy will not do it. The suggestion is being pigeon-holed, I have not a doubt, with winks and nods even now.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

We propose to start in our next issue a series of critical chess positions, of which we give an example below, each calling for a definite line of play. We hope thus to vary the somewhat monotonous chess problem and the solver will feel at the end of his labours that he has mastered an idea that may be of use to him any day in play over the board.

BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE TO PLAY AND WIN.

[Solutions will be duly acknowledged and occasionally commented upon.]

We offer a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club, either in matches, tournaments or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in one game each week and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize-winner.

No winner can secure the prize twice in six months, but prize-winners can of course compete again, and, if one of their games is the best, it will appear at the head of the list at the end of each quarter.

The name and club of each competitor must in all cases be given with the score of the game, and he must also send in the Chess Competition Coupon of the current week with each game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

The First Quarterly Competition will commence with our issue for March 26. Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

The following variation of the Falkbeer Counter Gambit occurred in a recent game played in consultation against Marshall the American master:

White.

ALLIES.

1. P-K 4
2. P-K B 4
3. P x P
4. P-Q 3
5. P x P
6. Q-K 2
7. Kt-Q 2
8. P-K Kt 4

Black.

F. J. MARSHALL.

1. P-K 4
2. P-Q 4
3. P-K 5
4. Kt-K B 3
5. Kt x P
6. Q x P
7. P-K B 4

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Charousek's variation, which calls for very careful play on the part of Black.

8. Kt—Q B 3

This move was first introduced by Pillsbury v. Bardeleben, but we do not believe it to be sound, although in that case it resulted in a brilliant win for Black. We prefer B—K 2 followed by Q—R 4 and Kt—Q 3.

9. P—Q B 3

Best, for if P × P then Kt—Q 5.

10. B—Kt 2

9. B—K 2

Here Black castled, which loses a piece. The game actually resulted in a draw, but the attack gained should not compensate for the loss in material.

(10) B—K 3 would not be any better, as it would be followed by (11) P × P, B—R 5 ch.; (12) K—B 1, Kt × Kt ch.; (13) B × Kt, Q × P; (14) B—R 3, winning a piece.

The best continuation seems to be (10) Q—B 2, although it loses time.

Correspondence

Shakespeare Memorial

SIR,—I am greatly interested in the articles and correspondence that have appeared lately in THE ACADEMY with regard to the proposed Shakespeare Memorial. The matter is in the air; numbers of people are interested, and now is the time for full and open discussion, before anything definite is done by the London County Council or other body.

I must begin by saying that I am entirely out of sympathy with any scheme proposing that the Memorial take the form of a statue. Such a statue could only interest a limited number of people, and that for a very short time; in five years as far as awakening or sustaining interest in Shakespeare was concerned it would be as useless as "Cleopatra's Needle"; that is if it ever awakened enthusiasm outside the circle immediately concerned in its erection! The best, most useful, and most lasting Memorial would be either a *répertoire* theatre or a Shakespeare Institute on the lines outlined in THE ACADEMY of February 27.

I am not acquainted with any of the details of the plan suggested by Mr. Sidney Lee with regard to a theatre; whatever they may be, as one keenly interested in acting and more especially in the acting of Shakespearean plays, the idea has my sympathy; nor am I inclined to think that a man of Mr. Lee's experience would be likely to put forward a scheme that was unsatisfactory or impracticable.

However, with the knowledge at present at my disposal I am inclined to believe that the Institute plan promises most satisfactory results. From its beginning there would be sufficient provision made for costume recitals and readings of the plays; and out of that a *répertoire* theatre might easily develop.

The motto of the promoters should be "Hasten slowly," and whatever scheme is ultimately adopted should be one that would grow, strengthen, and develop, rather than a too ambitious effort which might invite failure.

Statues and pictures would of course form a detail of any well-considered plan; but it is simply absurd to assert that a statue only (no matter what its intrinsic worth or beauty) would help the great mass of the population of the British Empire to realise in some measure the splendid heritage of delight, beauty, philosophy, poetry and inexhaustible mines of mental food and refreshment open to them in the works of William Shakespeare.

As a people we are careless of our great interests, political and literary, and it requires the driving of some great necessity to make us look after our own. I hope and believe that the time has come for all Londoners to see that this question is a great one, and one that concerns their honour before the world; if they can be made to realise this

a London Shakespeare Memorial will have ceased to be an idle dream.—Yours, &c. W. CHAPMAN HUSTON.

A Psychological Mystery

SIR,—Something of this *must* arise from the dual formation of the brain in hemispheres; thus, one section may first become conscious of a fact or idea which, when communicated to the counterpart section, seems like a double event or thought; and it runs also through the nervous system, to supply right and left.

This duplex action in *excelsis* gives great power to the individual, at a risk; for, while kept under control, the two sections may act harmoniously yet independently; it must operate in blindfold chess-play, and on the Stock Exchange, perhaps at the Bar! It involves a great strain, predisposing to nervous prostration, softening of the brain and paralysis. When acting discordantly we meet with eccentricity and final lunacy. The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways, while wit and madness nearly are allied.—Yours, &c.

A. H.

SIR,—Your correspondent, in declaring that I have restated the difficulty, has failed to notice one of my points, namely the reader's abnormal sense of sympathy with the author.

The scientific solution at once classes "E. G. O." as a "physiological anomaly," but modern science does not very readily accept the existence of anomalies. It would be interesting to know if "E. G. O." experiences precognition when he reads books which do not appeal to him. If the phenomenon is confined to certain books, science must have more—or less—to say on the subject.—Yours, &c.

G. M. SAUNDERS.

SIR,—May I submit to your notice an amplification of the "precognition" problem propounded by "E. G. O."?

Often in reading a new book I am conscious not only that I have read it all before, but that I remember the same sensation of familiarity occurring before, not only once, but sometimes twice or thrice.

Therefore I am at a loss to see how Mr. Saleeby's hypothesis fits my case, unless I am to imagine the two hemispheres of my brain working alternately as one's feet do in walking.—Yours, &c.

S. D. ALLAN WADE.

Wear Gifford, Bideford.

Cruikshank

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. Frowde takes exception to my surmise that Cruikshank's drawings for the "Pilgrim's Progress" were considered unworthy of publication at the time of their execution, but he does not attempt any alternative explanation of the remarkable fact that they lay unused for thirty or forty years, for the most part, I believe, in the possession of a gentleman whose devotion to the Cruikshank tradition can hardly be doubted. Now, George Cruikshank was hardly the man to allow any outstanding production of his pencil to hide its light under a bushel if he could help it, and I eagerly await any probable solution of the matter other than that I have conjectured. If Mr. Frowde has any to give I shall be glad to hear it.

As regards the merits of the drawings, THE ACADEMY will not, I think, feel much concern at finding itself at variance with the journals quoted by Mr. Frowde. For myself I can only suspect that their good nature has obscured their critical judgment. Curiously enough the only criticism of the book which, in my absence from England, has come to my notice, namely, that in the "Daily Chronicle," proved even more severe than mine and went far to stiffen me in an opinion which I find no reason to modify. I still think it regrettable that so weighty an imprimatur as that of the Oxford University Press, which has so often earned the gratitude of book-lovers, should be attached to a series of illustrations which, with two or three exceptions, are far from doing credit to the genius of their creator.—Yours, &c.

G. S. LAYARD.

Territet, Montreux, Switzerland, March 7, 1904.

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OBSERVER.

The Insanity of Genius

SIR,—Mr. Marriott Watson lately in one of his interesting articles calls attention to the association of genius with insanity as propounded by Taine, and proclaims it a pernicious doctrine, and that "the greatest men have been the sanest." I think, however, that a studious perusal of Mr. J. F. Nisbet's comprehensive, logical and copious work on this attractive subject would have dispelled Mr. Marriott Watson's opinion. The numerous examples cited by Nisbet distinctly prove that genius is allied either to disease, physical infirmities, neurosis, or else to absolute insanity. There seems to be a subtle connection between an unsound body and an abnormal mind, between a frail constitution and intellectual endowments.

Mr. Marriott Watson instances Swift, Byron, Shelley, Poe, De Quincey, and Coleridge as "departures from the normal," but cites Wordsworth, Milton, and Thackeray to controvert Taine's theory. Of course, Wordsworth's intellect was never deranged, but his sister Dorothy was poetical and insane, his parents died at an early age, and one of his children had a stroke of paralysis at the age of four. Milton's optic nerves must have been diseased, and he suffered from gout. His son died in infancy. One daughter was a cripple and another blind, and the poet's descendants were among the unfit. Thackeray died suddenly at fifty-two and for the last fourteen years of his life was subject to painful spasms. His father also died suddenly.

I think these few facts almost establish the theory that genius either directly or indirectly is allied to physical unsoundness and hereditary taint. The subject, however, is discussed so amply and completely in Mr. Nisbet's celebrated book "The Insanity of Genius," that any remarks of mine are only superfluous and supererogatory.—Yours, &c.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

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"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

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Questions

LITERATURE.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Who is the author of the following quotation:

God's labor fills the hearts that bleed,
The best fruit loads the broken bough,
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed? A. Watson (Hull).

AUTHOR WANTED.—Whom do the following lines refer to, and by what poet were they written?

"He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But gently laid his head
Down as upon a bed." J.F.U. (Heaton).

SHELLEY AND VOLNEY.—Is there any direct external evidence to prove that Shelley was a close and admiring student of Volney's "Ruins"? Internal evidence is not wanting; and there is a passage in Peacock's Memoirs, Part II, showing the poet as "if he had lived, . . . passing his days like Volney, looking on the world from his windows without taking part in its turmoil." But of course this is not direct evidence—nor can it be called evidence at all.—A.H.K.

RENAN AND THE BIBLE.—Several years ago, during a controversy on religious education, much use was made of a declaration of Renan's in favour of the teaching of the Bible in schools on account of its value as literature. Where can I find the exact passage?—H.W.H. (New York).

"CHILDE CHILDERS."—In the preface to the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold" (dated February 1812) Lord Byron says:—"It is superfluous to mention that the appellation 'Childe' as 'Childe Waters,' 'Childe Childers,' &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification." The ballads in which "Childe Waters" is mentioned I am well acquainted with, but can any of your correspondents tell me where Byron discovered "Childe Childers"?—Muriel Mackey (Birmingham).

DAVENANT'S "DREAM."—In "The Dream" by Sir W. Davenant the following lines occur:

But as dull subjects see too late
Their safety in monarchical reign;
Finding their freedom in a state
Is but proud strutting in a chain:
Then, growing wiser, when undone,
In winter's night and stories sing,
In praise of monarchs long since gone,
To whom their bells they yearly ring.

Does the last line refer to the old service for January 30?—T.H.H. (Chester).

*CASABIANCA.—In Vol. III. of "Mémoires du Général Marbot" mention is made of a Général Casabianca. Does Mrs. Hemans owe the title of her poem to this man? If not, whence is it derived?—G. Verney.

"HIAWATHA'S PHOTOGRAPHING." (Lewis Carroll).—Where can I find this complete? It was published originally, I think, in a paper entitled "Phantasmagoria."—Delt (Croydon).

*"PARACELSUS."—In his "Génie du Christianisme" (1st Part, liv. III. chap. iii.) Chateaubriand says: "Et remarques une chose importante: l'homme pouvait détruire l'harmonie de son être de deux manières, ou en voulant trop simer, ou en voulant trop savoir." Is not that the leading idea in "Paracelsus," where Paracelsus destroys the harmony of his being by wishing to know too much, whilst Apelle does the same by wishing to love too much? Might not Browning's poem have been inspired by the passage quoted from Chateaubriand, just as the idea and plan of the "Génie du Christianisme" were conceived from "Paradise Regained" (IV. 195-364)?—E.D.

GENERAL.

COLERIDGE.—The editor of the Aldine edition of Coleridge has a misleading note on this line from "Christabel": "What makes her in the wood so late?" "We would," he says, "naturally have expected 'what makes she.'" Evidently the poet means what makes her stay, or what keeps her in the wood; while "what makes she" would be puzzling indeed, unless it means "what does she." Can any one give a like example of "make"? John B. Fabb (Ellicott City, U.S.A.).

"SILLY BILLY."—What is the origin of this epithet?—

"Silly Billy, cockadilly,
Sold his wife for half a guinea;
The guinea was bad,
And he went mad,
Such was the end of Silly Billy."

"Billygoat" is not complimentary. Billy Barlow was a semi-lunatic; but it is proposed to father "Silly Billy" on some one of the royal family, either King William IV. or an uncle or cousin, both Dukes of Gloucester. The rhyme is probably older.—Querist.

BIBLE TRANSLATORS.—In "Biblical Notes and Queries," J. K. Funk & Co., New York, and George Adam Young & Co., Edinburgh, 1881, on page 236, are given the names of the 47 persons who translated the Common Version of the Bible, known as that of King James I. 1611: are these final words true? "The whole was finally revised by Dr. Miles Smith, who made several important alterations without consulting the others, and against their better judgment"—Anxious (Coventry).

BAWBEE.—What is the derivation of the Scots term Bawbee as meaning a halfpenny?—M.S.W.

THE DEVIL'S HOOF.—What is the origin of the tradition which represents the Devil as a horned and cloven-footed creature?—W.E.W. (Bath).

STEVENSON'S MUSIC.—In Stevenson's "Songs of Travel" numbers I and XII are written to certain music: No. 1 "The Vagabond" To an air by Schubert; No. 12 To an air by Diabelli. Can any one identify these airs? There is no information regarding them in either Graham Balfour's "Life" or "Vallima Letters."—A. E. Coppard (Brighton).

COPPER IN FLINTSHIRE.—In "The Miser's Daughter," Harrison Ainsworth makes the Miser say of Sir Bulkeley Price's property in Flintshire, "the estate is worth upwards of £20,000—perhaps more—because there are several copper mines upon it." Is there any foundation for this statement, or is it a curious error on Ainsworth's part?—T.H.H. (Chester).

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—What is the origin of the following quotation: "Pouring oil on troubled waters"?—J. Syrett (Walton-on-Thames). [Has the origin ever been traced?—Ed.]

GYTHAS.—In Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" this word is given, and reference quoted from "Jane Eyre," chapter xii. Is there any local legendary lore about this monster? Or was it simply a creation of Bessie's—or Charlotte Brontë's—own imagination?—Margaret Waddell (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

NUTS.—Monkey Nuts and Snake Nuts; what are their botanical names?—Querist.

Answers

LITERATURE.

"WIPE THE TEARS."—Whilst demurring to the suggestion that "the literal is more to be expected than the metaphorical in Milton" the master of splendid imagery, I submit that the two lines quoted must not be separated

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from their context in order to form "a definite theory." Taken with the preceding, the lines are a medieval version of *Rev. vii. 11-17*, and describe the state of the Blessed in Paradise. It must depend upon the individual conception of heaven as to whether actual "tears" are literally "wiped from the eyes" or the conditions of sorrow removed from the souls of those "in the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love."—S.C. (Hove).

ENIGMATIC DATE.—Although I cannot yet give "W.P." any actual explanation of "1 r e" standing for 84 perhaps the following details may enable him to get at the date of his copy. I take the following notes from a reference book of 1817: three copies of "Fasciculus Temporum" are alluded to. (1) Fasciculus Temporum. Colon. Agrip. 1474. "This curious specimen of early typography is the first edition of the work, and of extreme rarity. The author was Warner Rolewinck De Laer, a Carthusian Monk. The present edition was only known to De Bure by the reports of other Bibliographers." (2) "Fasciculus Temporum," per Wernerus Rollewinck de Laer, no place or date. "This edition is interesting in a bibliographical point of view, on account of being an edition minutely described by De Bure, who states it to be much sought after by the curious in books, because it has neither the name of printer, place, or date, and is in consequence thought by some to be the first edition." (3) The same work in Flemish with cuts and arms coloured. Utrecht. Veldener, 1480. Information as to this edition will be found in Heineken's "Idée Générale d'une Collection d'Estampes" p. 259. I can find no trace of an edition printed by Ratdolt of Venice, but as the two following editions are in Gothic Letter, the second undated, I think W.P. would like to have them named. (1) "Chronica quae Fasciculus Temporum dicitur, a quodam Carthusiensis (Wernerus Rolewinck) edita. Lovanii, per Joannem Veldener 1476 in fol. goth." (2) "Fasciculus Temporum a quodam Carthusiensis compilatus. Coloniae. Nic. Gots de Selts Stat. in fol. goth." This edition has no date and is described as "still more ancient" than the other, and there is a note "cet ouvrage n'est bien recherché que de ses premières éditions; et on fait très peu de cas de celles qui n'ont pas été mises au jour avant 1480." I should not like W.P. to think my suggestion the "r" might be a partly erased x (of course a small italic one) and the "1" a smudge was groundless; I found a case of both in books of my own only last December. If W.P. could accept the "r" for x I am now inclined to think that as "XXC" was formerly used for 80, so "LXC" must have meant 40, which would make W.P.'s book as old as any nearly; Gutenberg having set up his press at Strassbourg in 1459, a great place for Gothic type.—K.M.

"LAMBKINS."—Although the sentence is printed in the Folio of 1623 "for (Lambkins) we will live" I think the propounder of the question needlessly searches for more than the obvious excellent humour of Pistol in addressing his fellow ruffians as little lambs. The roughs who used to take an active part in the elections at that town were called "Northampton lambs." I have seen a letter from a member for that borough on an approaching election ending, "now I must away to my lambs"—a touch of humour precisely similar to that of Ancient Pistol. The same expression is used by Pistol when telling Falstaff of the accession of Prince Hal: "Sir John, thy tender Lambkinne now is King." Here, at all events, there is no room for misplaced ingenuity.—H.C.

"LAMBKINS."—A diminutive, so "little lambs," put ironically, as "Let us condole the Knight, for *lambkins* we will live." H.V., II. i. 135; this speaker equivocates, thus: "My heart doth yearn . . . Falstaff says therefore, 'Now, Falstaff had supported this crew, so 'yearn' means to lament, also to earn a support. All towns have nicknames for disorderly people, especially at election time; thus we find 'colts' in one place, or 'pot-wallopers' elsewhere. Consult slang dictionaries.—A.H.

"LAMBKINS."—"Lamb" is a cant term for a member of "The Fancy" or similar ruffian. In "The Wrecker," chapter viii, Louis Stevenson writes of a "leader of some brigade of 'lambs' or 'smashers.'" Probably the word had a similar meaning in Shakespeare's day.—Margaret Weddell (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

"GREENLAND'S ICEY MOUNTAINS."—J.L. (Cardiff) says that "Java's isle" is the original reading in Heber's hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," as given in the edition published in 1827, after the Bishop's death. Lord Selborne, however, in his "Book of Verse," states that this hymn first appeared in 1825 in the "Christian Observer," and gives the usual reading, "Ceylon's isle." Lord Selborne, as is well known, was most careful to keep the author's own version of every hymn.—H.B.F. (Hastings).

"GREENLAND'S ICEY MOUNTAINS."—In the second stanza of this hymn the reading of the original MS., written at Wrexham in 1819, was "Ceylon's isle." The hymn was printed in the "Christian Observer" in 1823. But in 1827 a collection of hymns appeared, in which this was altered to "Java's isle," probably by some one who objected to the unusual accent in "Ceylon." The original reading was afterwards restored, and is retained in most hymn-books at the present day.—C. S. Jerram (Oxford).

TRANSLATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.—The following list is taken from S. Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," fourth edition, 1899, pp. 342 ff.: German, French, Italian, Dutch, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian, Swedish, Danish, Finnish. In Spanish and Armenian, complete translations in course of publication. Separate plays in Welsh, Portuguese, Friesic, Flemish, Serbian, Roumanian, Maltese, Ukrainian, Wallachian, Croatian, Modern Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Japanese; Bengali, Hindustani, Marathi, Gujarati, Urdu, Kannarese, and other Indian languages.—T.H. (Ely).

REFERENCE FOUND.—"Ring a ding-ding, hear the bells ring," &c., referred to the soldiers of General Monk, who restored Charles II. to the throne, and the second line reads "for the King."—M. McLean Dobree (Colwich).

"MEMORABILIA CANTABRIGIAE."—I cannot find in the catalogue of the Cambridge University Library the title of any book on Ox.ord by Joseph Wilson, author of "Memorabilia Cantabrigiae."—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

"A LOST CATSIE."—See "The Abbot," chapter viii., where Magdalen Grane finds her grandson, Roland, replacing the cross in St. Cutbert's cell: "Thou hast kept well," she said, "the bird in thy bosom." To this Scott has added a footnote: "An expression used by Sir Ralph Percy, slain in the battle of Hedgeley Moor, in 1464, when dying, to express his having preserved unstained his fidelity to the House of Lancaster."—G.F. [Similar answers from M.M.D. (Colwich), and H. B. Foyster (Hastings).]

"HYMEN'S PRELUDE."—The concluding part of "Cleopatra," a romance in three parts (pub. 1658-59-60), was by John Davies (1625? 1627-1693), not of Hereford, but of Kidwelly in Wales; a voluminous translator of foreign works, mostly those of French authors.—J.N. (Hull).

HETTY WESLEY.—In chapter x. of Andrew Lang's "Book of Dreams and Ghosts" a long account of the famous Wesley Ghost "Old Geoffrey" is given in which Hetty Wesley figures. As far as I know, this is the only reference to the subject in Andrew Lang's works.—Margaret Weddell (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

HETTY WESLEY.—In "Longman's Magazine" for May, 1895, Mr. Andrew Lang, writing under the title "At the sign of the ship" a criticism of a lecture delivered at Dublin by Dr. Salmon, the learned Provost of Trinity (Dublin), goes into the question of the alleged "spirit rapping" at Epworth Rectory, and finds Hetty not guilty of the ghostly disturbances. He devotes four pages to the subject. Many years ago, in the "Fortnightly Review," Dr. Salmon accused Miss Wesley of a protracted imposture. The whole affair is in Dr. Adam Clarke's book, "Memorials of the Wesleys." There is also an account of it in W. T. Stead's "Real Ghost Stories."—H.T.H. (Newbury).

GENERAL.

SUNDAYS IN LENT.—The jingle that E.M.A. learned from her nurse I have no doubt descends from the time when English people associated the Sundays of the year with the opening word of the Introit of the Mass. Thus Tid is the accented syllable of "Audiuit"; Mid is a fragment of "Reminiscere"; Misere it is just possible to connect with "Oculi mei"; Carlin is good enough for "Lutare." For the rest Pasti (out of its due order) is Passion Sunday, and Palm and Egg are obvious.—S.B.T. (Westminster Cathedral).

"AN OLD CHARADE."—Answer also received from Miss L. M. Webb.

CHURCH WINDOWS.—As the soul, "pent in flesh" during life, was believed to take its departure with the last breath, it was natural to represent its egress from the body in the manner described. In this connection it may be of interest to note that in some of the pictographs and pictographic writings of the American Indians, the dead are represented by recumbent figures from the mouths of which issue curved lines ending in short, open scrolls. The breath, speech, and the mind, are severally indicated by this form of line, according to the manner of its use.—Zack Rice (Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.).

*** "CORNER COLUMNS."**—The explanation of this is to be found in Choisy's "Histoire de l'Architecture," Vol. I. p. 405. He says: "La colonne d'angle d'un temple, qui se détache sur le ciel, paraît, suivant la remarque de Vitruve, dévorée par la lumière qui la baigne; on l'épaisait par esprit de compensation." In other words, all the columns, except the corner ones, are viewed against the interior of the temple as a background. The corner ones detached against the (usually) brilliant Grecian sky appear smaller by marginal irradiation. Hence they were made thicker in order to destroy this visual illusion (e.g. Paestum, &c.).—Oliver E. Bodington (Paris).

*** "COTSWOLD LIONS."**—The Cotswold Hills are noted for a breed of large sheep remarkable for their length of wool, and these sheep—named Cotswold sheep after the hills—were given, humorously or otherwise, the name Cotswold Lions.—Charles R. Sanderson (Bury). [Answers also received from M.A.C. (Cambridge); J.P. (East Finchley); and M.M.D. (Colwich).]

ACCENT MARKS.—I should say that the book most suitable to the needs of your correspondent W.P. is Bailhorn's "Grammatography: a manual of reference to the alphabets and ancient and modern languages." The English edition of this excellent work has been long out of print. The edition I possess, the last, I believe, in English, is that of 1861. There may be a later, in German. Second-hand copies of the 1861 edition are occasionally advertised for sale at about five shillings.—M.E.H. (Bradford).

"FAYNETS."—My knowledge of the word is that of your first correspondent—faynets. I can hardly follow the gradual evolution of the word advocated by A.H.H. For the word was used as a kind of "Sanctuary" e.g., if one were out of breath, or if one's bootlace came undone, one could not be "touched," on calling out "faynets." At present, therefore, to my mind the puzzle is unsolved.—Petersfield.

"FAYNETS."—I suggest that this word is connected with *fainéant* and *fainéance*, from French *faire* to do, and *néant* nothing. Hence it means a state of doing nothing, a truce.—A.T.

"FAYNETS."—The form of this word is, in this neighbourhood, Fen, and in Touch, and other games, indicates a truce. Elworthy, in his West Somerset Glossary, has it Fend—to forbid. I remember the word in common use in children's games over sixty years, and in questioning a school-girl to-day I find it still prevails.—GEORGE SWETMAN (Wincoaton).

"JESSICA AND JESSIE."—I think Karl Elze has shown that Jessica and the other Jewish names in the "Merchant of Venice" were taken direct from the Bible—Jessica from Gen. x. 29, where it appears in the authorised version as Isach, but in Wicliffe's and the sixteenth-century versions accessible to Shakespeare, as Jescha, Jeska, or Jesca. So Shyllock is from Gen. x. 24—Shelah in A.V. but Salsch in Wicliffe's version (Hebrew Shelach, I believe), and Tubal and Chus from chap. x. v. 2 and 6 (where the older versions read Chus, not Cush). So far as is known, Shakespeare selected these names himself, as no name is given to the Jew in "Il Pecorone," on which story the "Merchant of Venice" seems to be founded. But of course they may have been taken from some lost play like "The Jew," mentioned by Gosson in 1579. The English "Jessie" has probably a different origin, and may, as your correspondent M.A.C. writes, be derived from Janet (as a variant of "Jennie" I suppose). If Jessica had become a common English name, Jessie would result naturally enough, but this does not seem to have been the case.—G.G.D.

*** "GOD IN GLOUCESTER."**—This expression is of ancient date, and had its origin in the great success of the early Christian missionaries who worked for the conversion of the early British inhabitants of the West Country. So many churches and abbeys were founded, and so numerous and zealous were the converts, that the inference indicated in the saying was soon drawn. I used to hear a similar expression in the West Country, employed to convey an idea of a date long since past—"Oh, about as long as God has been in Gloster."—N. Smith (Morpeth).

*** "COCK-AND-BULL STORY."**—I have traced up three different stories as giving the supposed origin; they will be found in Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable; Nuttall's Dictionary, and Edwards' Dictionary of Words and Phrases. The expression was used as early as 1603, in John Day's "Law Tricke," act iv. p. 66. "Didst marke what a tale of a cock and a bull he tolde my father whilst I made thee and the rest away?"—Deg. (Richmond).

NOTE.—Several correspondents have again failed to observe the very simple rules. E.J.T. (Walthamstow) has not put name and address on two queries enclosed. B.S.B. (Glasgow) gives initials only, and no name. H.T. (Ilkley) asks a question which can be answered by any reference book in a public library.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the booksellers whose names follow:

Mr. F. Calder Turner, 1 Bathurst Street, Hyde Park, W.
Mr. G. E. Blowers, Pier Avenue, Clacton-on-Sea.
Mr. George Flint, 3 Bridge Street, Morpeth.

